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BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XX.

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XX

TORONTO MAY 1910

No 1



Photo: Ernest H. Miles

EARL CARRINGTON
CHARLES ROBERT WYNN-CARRINGTON, K.G., P.C., K.C.M.G.



OWYDIE CASTLE, NORTH WALES
RESIDENCE OF EARL CARRINGTON

Photo: Frost

Earl Carrington

Prospective Governor-General of Canada

By Denda Cornish.

BORN on May 16, 1843, Charles Robert Wynn-Carrington, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G., has a youthful appearance and a certain geniality of manner which belie his sixty-seven years of life—his forty-two years of service.

Elton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, followed by the Guards, is a

training which is most likely to intensify the traditional aloofness of the typical upper-class Englishman. British cadets are apt to relapse into superciliousness, or stand on their dignity when they are confronted with hints of effeteism and antiquarianism in the matter of the methods of their own and ancient country. But no culture,

acquired or inborn, has been able to destroy the good-humored and breezy style of Lord Carrington, which has already won the appreciation of Australians of all classes, who, flinging prejudices overboard, have been able to recognize a lord of the right sort.

Perhaps, it is his sincere kindness and spontaneous geniality that constitute Lord Carrington's chief assets as a person in the public eye. In the House of Lords, many a tedious debate is enlivened by his welcome meriment; on the country platforms, and at National Liberal Club banquets his jests are inimitable. Apart from the serious viewpoint of his mission — and not for a moment is that serious purpose abandoned — perhaps his special function is that of softening the asperities of provincial Radicalism, and of convincing disappointed aspirants after social fame that a peer may really be a good fellow.

In his young days, when he proved himself to be one of the most charming and pleasant young men of the court, Lord Carrington was chosen to accompany the King, then Prince of Wales, on his famous tour through India. And there, on all sides, he made hosts of friends.

In 1885, when the Earl was sent out to be Governor of New South Wales, he found the prevailing tone of Australian statesmen was one of mingled dislike and contempt for all that pertained to Downing Street, and also that they were apt to vent their dislike of the Colonial Office upon the Governors. Without any too apparent

effort Lord Carrington won all hearts in Sydney, the popularity thus gained becoming a standard to which recent Governors have been expected to conform. He was long remembered as the most successful representative of the crown who had ever been sent out to Australia. With his exceptionally charming wife—he had married the Honorable Cecilia Margaret Harbord, eldest daughter of the fifth Lord Suffield in 1878—who shared his social dictatorship in Sydney for five years, he labored well to turn the swelling tide of colonial dissatisfaction.

Full of the spirit of good sportsmanship, Lord Carrington would little dream of disobeying the M. F. H. in the hunting field — neither would he desert his Liberal leader, any more than he would concern himself with any unpleasant things said by the Opposition. Such dependable men are the salt of party government. When Mr. Gladstone was his chief he stood by him, as

afterwards by Lord Rosebery, again afterwards by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and now by Mr. Asquith. Dainty philosophy may disdain such an illogical system, while it must admit of its having produced the soundest constitution in the world. These same qualities have won for Lord Carrington the affectionate regard of such middle-class folk as he would be apt to meet with at such places as the National Liberal Club. Class difference would appear to trouble the Earl not at all. Too fine a gentleman to be conscious of his own



THE DRAWING ROOM, GWYDYR CASTLE

Photo: Peck

rank, he would be little apt to excuse a condescension in himself towards others.

In 1892 Lord Carrington was appointed Lord Chamberlain. In 1906 he became President of the Board of Agriculture. It is significant that even the Labor members, who had shown their disregard to Lord Crewe, a really capable man, agreed in his being chosen as head of the Department which was to direct the campaign against private property in land, and the extensions of allotments and small holdings. Whether it be Radical, Labor member or Socialist—all Englishmen have a liking for the politician who never loses the party line!

Of his *petite culture* on his own estates he speaks with characteristic modesty, though it would be impossible to over-estimate Lord Carrington as a landlord. With all competency, generosity and industry, he has experimented successfully on his 23,000 acres at Gwydyr Castle, in North Wales, and at High Wycombe, Bucks.

Two years ago, at the opening ceremony of a Polytechnic Institute Lord Carrington said, "a horrible feeling always comes over me when I am in the midst of great professors and learned men, because I feel that I am myself one of the most expensively, but at the same time most imperfectly educated men in the kingdom. Wild horses would not drag from me the name of my public school, but I will confess that while my curriculum is largely, indeed mainly, composed of Latin and Greek. I was taught very little mathematics, or economics, and, as for modern languages, why, if I wanted to learn them, I had to pick them up in my hours of leisure. * * * Since those days, however, education has most sensibly improved. But if in my boyhood we did not gain a very high degree of education, we did gain a high code of honor. * * * It is that very code that has helped to gain for Lord Carrington his high rank amongst Imperial statesmen.

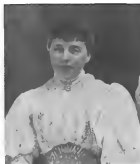


Photo: Thomson

LADY CARRINGTON

The National Ash Heap

By

W. Lacy Amy

TWO BURNED TO DEATH.

BEFORE FURNACE REACHED
OF BRICKWORK'S TOP

The Great Canadian Hotel, located
between the fire and the
fire in the building, caused
the death of two people.

The fire started in the
kitchen of the hotel, and
spread to the main floor.

The fire caused the death
of two people, and the
loss of the hotel.

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of two people, and the
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loss of the hotel.

MOTHER BURNED -

WITH CHILDREN

Tragic Tragedy at Niagara
Place Near 5th Lake.

The fire caused the death
of two people, and the
loss of the hotel.

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R.C. HOTEL BURNED,

BARNER LOST HIS LIFE

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of two people, and the
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MAN BURNED TO DEATH

BEFORE HE COULD REACH
STAIRWAY

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TRAGEDY CAUSED BY CRACKED PIPE

Severe Victim of Montreal
Explosion is Reported

The fire caused the death
of two people, and the
loss of the hotel.

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loss of the hotel.

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THREE BABES WERE CREMATED

IN FARM HOUSE NEAR OTTAWA

Police Saw the Building
in Flames, But Arrived
Too Late to Save the
Babies

The fire caused the death
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YOUNG BRIDE TERRIBLY BURNED;

HUSBAND RAVING IN DELIRIUM

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TRAGEDY CAUSED BY CRACKED PIPE

Severe Victim of Montreal
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THE FIRE PRINCE'S TOLL OF HUMAN LIFE

FOURTEEN FROM THE CANADIAN PRESS, ALL APPARENTLY WITHIN A FEW DAYS

FLAMES DEVOUR NOVA SCOTIANS

The fire caused the death
of two people, and the
loss of the hotel.

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If the legislators of America would grasp the significance of the irretrievable loss of \$600,000 every day for the past ten years; if the public would stop to think that every tick of the clock records the vanishing of \$800; if the newspapers would devote a space in their columns for a campaign against a needless waste; if insurance indemnity were not misunderstood, then America might put in her pockets a great part of the quarter of a billion dollars that goes up in smoke every year. If we would only understand that fires are not the work of Providence or chance, but of carelessness, ignorance or wilful destruction, we might devote our energies to investigations and remedies that would bring more practical results in money saved than all the lofty aims and aspirations of existing societies and associations for the advancement of mankind.

Each year for the past five years there has been in America an average of 104,543 fires reported, consuming in each week three theatres, three public halls, twelve churches, ten schools, two hospitals, two asylums, two colleges, six apartment houses, twenty-six hotels, three department stores, two jails, 140 flat houses and 1,600 homes.

For the past forty years the losses in Canada alone have amounted to more than \$170,000,000. Between 1870 and 1892 the loss averaged \$3,500,000 per year, and for the last six years of the century \$8,000,000. But the fire waste for the year just ended reached a total of \$19,234,196, or \$52,696 a day, with a population of a little more than 7,000,000 people. During

the month of December there were nine fires a day reported, of which 134 carried a loss exceeding \$500, and 25 exceeded \$10,000.

The record in Canada for the different months of 1909 was as follows:—

| | |
|-----------|-------------|
| January | \$1,500,000 |
| February | 1,261,005 |
| March | 851,690 |
| April | 720,650 |
| May | 3,358,276 |
| June | 1,360,275 |
| July | 1,390,000 |
| August | 2,001,500 |
| September | 1,653,000 |
| October | 2,370,000 |
| November | 1,200,500 |
| December | 1,490,300 |

And yet these figures give very little idea of the actual monetary loss from the fire fund. There must be included the cost of the maintenance of the fire departments, the waterworks chargeable to fire service, private fire equipment and insurance. For some of these there are no complete figures as far as Canada is concerned; but the United States, which is in much the same position as Canada, supplies the following for 1908: Direct fire combustion...\$230,000,000
Fire departments.....49,000,000
Waterworks for fire service.....29,000,000
Private equipment.....18,000,000
Insurance premiums in excess of losses paid...146,000,000
\$462,000,000

The capital required at five per cent. to pay this loss would be \$9,240,000.



INCOMPLETE FIRE CONSTRUCTION

THREE FIRE WALLS WERE OF NO AVAIL BECAUSE THEY DID NOT EXTEND THROUGH THE ROOF

ooo, a sum equal to the total combined capital of every business interest in America.

To this again must be added the countless millions lost in forest fires, of which Canada's share was \$25,500,000, the resulting impoverishment of the soil, and the millions represented by what is known in insurance circles as "consequential loss," that is, loss in revenue as the result of business interruption. The forest fires of the Adirondacks alone in 1908 burned over 347,000, or 542 square miles, 38 per cent. of the timber on which was deemed to be merchantable. In the Crow's Nest district forest fires reduced an area of 212 square miles of forest until only 33 remain, and the burnt tract is fit for nothing for years to come.

So that the yearly toll in America of the dead fire fund is little short of the colossal sum of \$600,000,000, of which \$50,000,000 is lost to our own Canada.

Figures that are indeed startling! But what is more serious, more worthy of our earnest consideration, is that more than half of the loss could easily have been prevented. The authorities agree that much more than

half of the fire loss in America is attributable to arson, gross carelessness, or ignorance. In other words, Canada throws away more than ten millions of dollars without reason or recompense.

In this connection there is a fallacy that receives general acceptance by the public. It is that insurance covers fire loss, that property insured is not a loss when consumed by fire. A moment's reflection will be sufficient to show how untenable is such an idea. Insurance merely distributes an individual loss among all the policyholders of the company. Each of us pays for his neighbor's fire.

In the consideration of fire waste due to preventable causes, guessing is largely eliminated by a comparison with the loss rate of other countries. In Canada the per capita loss in 1909 by direct fire combustion was \$2.63; in America it was more than \$3. When we examine European experience the possibilities of prevention are clear. In eight countries of Europe the average per capita loss is only 33 cents. Germany suffers from a 49-cent loss, France 30 cents, Austria 29, and lowest of all, Italy can show a statement of but 12 cents per head,

or one-twenty-second of the Canadian waste. Only in Russia and Norway, where construction is largely of wood, does the fire loss per capita approach half that of America.

Comparing cities on the two continents: The average annual number of fires in European cities is eight for each ten thousand of population. In American cities the average is forty. Glasgow had a fire loss in 1908 of \$325,000; Boston, with a smaller population, reported \$3,610,000. Berlin, with a population of 3,000,000, has an annual fire loss of less than \$175,000; Chicago's loss is \$5,000,000, although its population is only about two-thirds that of Berlin. With all this difference in loss there is an additional surprise in the relative costs of the fire-fighting resources. Berlin's fire department costs a trifle more than \$300,000. Chicago's more than \$3,000,000. New York's fire department costs \$10,000,000, its high-pressure service involves an expenditure of \$3,000,000, and yet its fire loss is \$10,000,000 a year. Paris expends only \$60,000 on its fire protection. American

cities spend \$1.65 per head to go to bed feeling safe, while the average cost of fire protection in Berlin is only 26 cents, in London 19 cents, and in Milan 17 cents. In 158 American cities the cost of maintaining fire departments was \$38,000,000, and yet the loss in 1908 was \$48,000,000.

Compare Berlin's loss of \$175,000 for a population of 3,000,000, with Toronto's \$740,931 last year for a population little over one-ninth that size, or Montreal's \$450,000, Hamilton's \$99,298, Vancouver's \$315,000. Calgary's \$82,349. Winnipeg's complete figures are not at hand, but they must be enormous. In fires with a loss of \$10,000 or more, the destruction for the last five months of the year alone in that city amounted to the appalling total of \$600,000.

Still another evil in addition to that of property waste attends the carelessness that is so largely responsible. Every year there are 2,000 lives lost in America through fires. Six people every day of the year are sacrificed on the national ash heap. In Canada last year there were two hundred



SAVED BY AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS

ALTHOUGH ALL THE WINDOWS OF THIS BUILDING WERE BROKEN OUT, THE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS PREVENTED ANY FURTHER DAMAGE

deaths from fire—almost four a week—and the present year has started out with great promise of exceeding that number. It is unfortunate that, while industrial accidents are carefully attended to by our laws, there is nothing on the statute books to protect the hundreds who die in fires from some other person's carelessness. An unprotected saw, an open elevator shaft, a defective piece of machinery are recognized grounds for damage claims. Indeed, some of the provinces have gone so far as to make the employer liable for the injuries of his employee received through his own carelessness. But there is nothing to punish the man or woman who attempts to light the kitchen fire with coal oil or even gasoline, or the parents who leave small children alone in houses where the stove, the lamp or the matches are within reach. The outcome of the increasing loss of life from carelessness that is criminal, will be that the laws will declare it just as great a misdemeanor for a man to take the lives of six of his family by starting a morning fire with gasoline (as happened near Winnipeg in November) as it would have been had he shot them all in their beds.

There were fifty-one deaths and ninety-seven injuries reported during the last two months of the year, and more fatalities failed to be recorded on account of death not being immediate. Of the deaths no fewer than 24, as well as 32 injured, were the result of unpardonable carelessness. The majority of the fatalities were children whose heartless, brainless parents considered it safe (if they considered at all) to leave small children alone. A woman near Ottawa went out to milk, leaving three children alone in the house—three deaths on the list. A Berlin woman went down town, leaving three children with the stove—three more. In one small village in Ontario a child was burned to death in December, because its parents left it alone; within three weeks another child gave up its life in the same village from the same cause. And so

the list lengthens, the parents receiving sympathy for an act that should be considered criminal. With the class of people who will expose their children to such danger nothing but the law will bring recognition of the necessity of employing common sense for the protection of those dependent on them.

"Every fire is a crime," is the slogan adopted by the National Fire Protection Association, a body of men in the United States united in a great cause. At a glance this assertion may seem extreme. But is it? Was there ever a fire that was not the result of somebody's carelessness? With the exception of a disturbance of nature, such as at San Francisco, every fire has its origin in the thoughtlessness or wilful desire of someone; and even the San Francisco fire need not have been great had the buildings been of proper construction.

Carelessness that leads to waste is a crime.

Had Canada her \$200,000 a year to expend in public works, two Dreadnaughts could be built every year, or a formidable fleet of smaller war vessels. A railway could be constructed from Toronto almost to Winnipeg at a cost of \$20,000 a mile, or 1,600 miles of prairie road. She could construct 4,000 miles of the best stone or gravel roads. She could pay for the maintenance of all the sick and poor in the country. She could buy up a million acres of as good land as the west possesses. America's fire loss money would "evangelize the world, in this generation." What prevents such possibilities is nothing short of criminal.

Fires are said to be due to three crimes: the crime of ignorance, the crime of carelessness, and the crime of arson. And the first two can be combined under the second. And yet the criminal calmly collects his insurance without a penny save for discovered arson, while his neighbors, whose losses, due to his carelessness, were not covered by insurance, must struggle along under the burden he

places upon them with immunity. The effects of his carelessness are just as disastrous as if he had deliberately applied the match—but there is no punishment, no explanation even.

How different it is in Europe! And it is owing largely to this difference that the loss rate is so low. In France the responsibility for any loss caused by his negligence is placed upon the landlord or tenant of the building where the fire started and the results are wonderful. In Paris a fire rarely goes outside the building in which it starts. In Vienna, where the same law exists, there is not a case known where a fire is not confined to the building in which it started, and in few fires did it reach another floor—conditions due to the solid construction brought about by the law of responsibility. In Paris flimsy unsprinklered department stores with well-holes to the roof, and crowded aisles that would frighten away any American insurance company, secure a rate of 50 cents. In Belgium and Holland the laws are somewhat similar. In Germany the assured must save everything he can, and must notify the police within three days and the company within twenty-four hours. In Sweden an inquest must follow every fire. The same condition exists in Switzerland, and some cantons refuse indemnity if carelessness or neglect is proven. In Spain and Italy the assured must make affidavit to the proper officer as to the cause and circumstances of a fire and furnish the insurance company with a copy thereof.

The other reasons for the low fire waste in Europe are the restriction of high buildings, the necessity of solid, fireproof construction, the absence of litter and combustible accumulations on the streets. In London there are no buildings more than eight storeys high, and few beyond six. German cities are superbly built, from an underwriter's standpoint, and the police supervision is excellent and wonderfully effective.

Then, how can this serious destruc-

tion of the country's wealth be decreased?

There are three great powers in the fight for less fire waste:

1. The Government.
2. The civic authorities.
3. The individual.

Unfortunately we make the great mistake of fighting fire from the wrong end. What counts in decreasing the waste is not the extinguishing of fires, but their prevention. The comparative merits of the two systems of fire elimination are demonstrated by the difference between the fire loss in Europe and that in America. In Europe they demand that the builder and the owner conform to definite laws that exclude risk. In America we spend money in apparatus and men, and allow the public a free hand. There they start at the beginning to fight the waste; here we start at the last scene. And the results are evident. Our method of decreasing the waste is similar to the establishment of hospitals as the only means of fighting typhoid fever.

If the Governments of the different provinces would undertake only one task they would fulfill at a very small cost all that would be expected of them. Across the border twelve of the states have appointed a man, whose duty it is to investigate every fire of doubtful origin. These fire marshals have supreme authority at certain times. In case of a fire they can order the owner from the damaged building in order that a thorough, untrammelled investigation can be made, with no opportunity for the owner to remove evidence. They can condemn any property as a fire-breeder, compel the cleaning up of litter, and enforce protection for life and property. They and their deputies make suggestions for building ordinances, and see that the laws are obeyed. They secure the aid of the newspapers in publishing the fire losses and common preventive measures.

The result of the appointment of such men has been beyond expectation. In Massachusetts incendiary

fires have decreased fifty per cent. In Ohio in one year 72 persons were convicted of arson, and in another state as many men were punished for arson in two and a half years as had been convicted in the previous existence of the state. It has been found that few men will risk burning their own buildings if there is an official whose duty it is to follow them up. The same fear prevents the firing of an enemy's barn. In Ohio the fire loss during the first year of the fire marshal's department was eleven millions; in the last five years it averaged less than seven millions, and this in spite of the fact that insurable property has doubled in value. The per capita loss in states with fire marshals averages \$1.47 per head, and in states without fire marshals \$2.47. Only Manitoba has a fire marshal, and although he has been in office but a short time and has not sufficiently wide powers and assistance, the value of the office is apparent.

The civic authorities have in their hands the most ready solution of the fire problem. After all, the great preventive of fire waste is proper construction. Fireproof construction, or a style that is sufficiently fireproof to enable the fire apparatus to do effective work is at the command of the local authorities. The "fire limit" can be definitely fixed to exclude all conflagration risks. Fire walls projecting above the roof at frequent intervals are the most effective obstacles to devastation. The height of buildings should have some control of its fireproof qualities. Buildings should be carefully inspected at regular intervals, and litter and loose paper prohibited in lanes or on private property. Strict theatre laws should be made, fireworks prohibited, the use of combustibles restricted, incendiaries punished, exposed windows protected with wire glass or metal doors. The excellence of the fire-fighting system is, of course, a most important consideration, but an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure.

So important are the duties of the city authorities in this respect that in the recent Boston elections the platform of a candidate was largely the reduction of fire waste.

Did the Government and civic authorities do their duties comparatively little would depend upon individual effort. As it is, much of the prevention is in the control of the citizen. Fireproof construction is becoming popular through private effort rather than through public demand. The factory or store owner has adopted "fireproof" ideas that are doing more than anything else to save the lost millions of property. Wire glass, covered openings, fire-retarding walls and floors, sprinkler systems, the avoidance of concealed spaces, closed elevator shafts, automatic trap doors, private fire alarms, watchmen, private fire brigades, water tanks, university course in fire education, etc., are some of the individual efforts towards decreasing the fire waste.

In England there is a society called the British Fire Prevention Committee; in the United States the National Fire Protection Association performs the same work. These associations are composed of prominent men interested in the subject—fire insurance officials, large property owners, college professors, Government officials. Tests are made of every material and style of construction, as well as of every kind of fire-fighting appliances and invention. Large amounts of money are spent in experimenting on new ideas in construction, on the dangers from different gases, oils and materials, and the relative values of the various kinds of hose, fire-engines, pumps, sprinklers, etc. Pamphlets dealing with almost every subject that could be of interest in the reduction of fire loss are sent free upon request and published in the newspapers.

The fire insurance companies have a weapon at their disposal that provides them with great opportunities. As many life insurance companies refuse to insure the Christian Scientists,

so fire insurance companies are refusing such risks as moving picture theatres, dangerous manufactories and localities where the moral hazard is great. The association of the companies has established high rates for properties that are unnecessarily risky, and the owners are forced by this means to provide protection and sensible improvements. The companies can govern construction, exposure, and expenditure in fire-fighting appliances, and it is to their credit that they are learning to exercise their powers. The Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association is not a combination for high prices, but a combined effort to reduce the fire waste. Last year, in Montreal alone, about 18,000 inspections were made, 1,844 defects were discovered; and it is a

proof of the efficiency of this method of dealing with the question, that all but 25 of the defects were remedied.

With all working together, with even one of the three great powers in control of the situation doing its best, Canada could be spared a great part of the twenty millions that disappear in smoke. Millions more could be saved from fire department expenditures and as it is the people make the fire rates, whatever might be said to the contrary, there is no reason why this country should not decrease its loss from the fire fund by fully fifty per cent. in a very few years. When Canada reduces its loss to the proportion of European countries the tardiness of present Governments and civic bodies will be a matter of shame and surprise.



BEYOND THE TINDER

A NEW DANGER OF CONSPIRACY? IF THIS FIRE THE ENTIRE UPPER DIVISION COLLAPSED ON ACCOUNT OF THE HOT THAT DID NOT APPEAR ON THE SURFACE



(Drawn by John Cameron)

"HE TURNED WITH A START AND A GRIP OF THE SWORD, TO FIND THE GIRL YVETTE
STANDING THERE."

The Ghost Knight

A Romantic Story of a Fair Lady in Distress, and of
a Gallant Knight who Rescued her from Dire Peril.

By Warwick Deeping.

"**D**ECEIT, deceit," cried the swallows, skimming the water, and giddling about the grey tower in the meadows.

"Deceit—deceit." And their wings kissed ripples upon the broad, still moat, or flashed in the sunlight amid the aspen trees.

And upon the hills the pine woods were dark under the sunset, with streamers of crimson vapor aloft across the west.

When Gareth of Avranches reined in his horses before the rough hostel that stood by the wayside in the valley, with a few hovels to keep it company, an old woman came out to him, and bobbed to him for service. She had a cold, white face, with a skin like wrinkled vellum, and her eyes gave never a twinkle as she looked up at the knight.

"A night's lodging, lording?"

Gareth cast a glance over the rotten thatch, and at an old sow that came grunting out by the hostel door. There would be more to be gathered than spent in such a hovel, nor did the old woman's hard face please him.

Therefore he pointed with his spear to the tower that rose grey amid the aspens across the meadows, with the sheen of its broad moat catching the gold of the western sky.

"Whose tower is that—yonder—dame?"

The woman crossed herself and shook her head.

"My lord would not lodge yonder," she said, making a mouth of mystery.

"And—why not?" asked he.

"There is a curse upon the place, lording, the wailing of the woes is heard in the tower."

Gareth gazed at the place under his hand.

"The sun shines on it," he said. "Who is the lord of the place?"

"A year ago Sir Rene ruled there, and then his eldest son took the father's place, but he—lording—died also. Then Guillaume, the second, ruled, but death soon took him, and he was seen no more in this world. Now Raymond—the third—is left, and Yvette, his sister. But it is not a month since Messire Guillaume died, and the curse is there still—they say."

"How did they die, dame?"

"No man knows, lording. They went, and were seen no more. That is all."

Gareth looked at her keenly, as though he mistrusted the woman's tongue.

"I would hear more of this," he said curtly. "Such happenings are not to be missed," and he left the woman standing in the road, and passed on over the meadows towards the tower.

It was growing dusk when Gareth reached the bridge over the moat, and blew his horn as a summons. The place seemed very dolorous and silent with its dark windows, and its grey

walls that were cold now against the twilight.

The bridge was lowered, the gate opened, and Gareth rode in. A breeze stirred in the aspen trees, so that they clattered at his back, and Gareth, peering about him in the dusk, looked for the porter who had opened the gate.

A shadowy figure stood stiffly against the wall. It waved a hand to the knight, but did not speak. And Gareth passed through into the base court of the house.

Now, from the doorway of the hall a girl came forth in a robe of some black stuff; her hair had the color of a full moon seen through mist, and her eyes looked dark in her pale face. She stood looking at Gareth for a moment as though she had learnt to live with some shadow of fear haunting her. But the Cross that he wore in his surcoat seemed to lighten her distrust.

"Welcome, Messire," she said, "if you would lodge the night with us." And Gareth, when he had dismounted, went to kiss her hands.

"I am on the homeward road," he said, laying a hand over the Cross on his coat. "It is many months since I have seen the orchards of Normandy."

So he followed Yvette into the house, marvelling at the color of her hair.

Gareth sat down to supper in the solar that evening with the girl and Raymond her brother, an old man serving them, and the old man was dumb. A great sadness seemed upon the house, and upon Yvette and her brother, the sadness of those who grieve, the dread of those who watch continually for some horror in the dark. Yet they did their best to be debonaire and courteous for Gareth's sake, questioning him as to his adventures, and how the Christians fared in Syria, and how the wars went against the Saracens. For Gareth had come over sea from Acre by Cyprus and Crete in a Venetian ship. He had ridden through Lombardy and Genoa

into Provence, and so northwards towards the Loire.

They had talked of the Kings, Philip and Richard, when Raymond of the Tower spoke of a neighbor who had taken the Cross.

"Malvo de la Montagne was with certain lords who sailed a year ago—he said, 'you two may have met—yonder—in Syria?'"

Gareth thought a moment, and then shook his head.

"I remember no such name."
"A big man with a dark forehead, and four big teeth as large as hazel nuts. We knew him here, and had good cause. But that is our own tale."

Gareth remembered no such man. But he saw Raymond look at Yvette, and the girl flushed hotly, and hid her eyes from them.

For Malvo de la Montagne had sought her in love, roughly, and her brothers had taken the man and beaten him with their sword belts, so that he had gone home bloody, half naked, and savage as a wounded bear. And the next that they heard of Malvo was that he had taken the Cross, and gone, perhaps for penance, to fight in the Holy Wars.

So they went to their rest that night, Gareth still wondering at the curse that seemed to hang over the house, at its silence and emptiness, and at the sad and watchful faces of the girl and the man. There seemed no servants in the house, save only the dumb porter, and one old woman. And Gareth lay down on a truss of straw in the hall, and drew his cloak about him in the darkness and the silence.

The Norman had not slept an hour when he awoke suddenly, like a man called by a trumpet cry. Starting up on the bed, he laid a hand on his sword, and sat there listening, with a vague ghostly sense of fear. A moon had risen, and the beams thereof came slanting through the narrow windows of the hall. Yet the silence of the night covered everything for the moment, and Gareth wondered what had awakened him.

He was putting the sword aside, as though he had been roused by nothing more than a trick of the brain, when a strange cry thrilled up out of the silence of the night, a cry that seemed to make the moonlight quiver as it poured into the darkness of the hall.

The cry held in one long-drawn note, to break at last and fade into nothingness like the smoke from a candle that wavers into the night. Then, again—all was silence. Yet Gareth, who was no coward, felt his hair bristling, and longed to hear something moving in the house, for he remembered what the woman at the inn had told him.

He was rising from his bed, when he heard a voice calling outside the tower, a thin, faint voice, that seemed to come from beyond the moat. And so clear were the words it uttered, that Gareth heard them in the hall.

"Follow, follow, follow. Blood of thy blood calls thee, Raymond. Accursed art thou, if thou follow me not. And Rene, thy father, shall abide in hell."

The voice died away, and in its place Gareth heard the sound of movement in the tower above. The door at the end of the hall swung open; the figure of a man stood in the dark entry, and by the glimmer of his body Gareth knew that he was armed. The Norman had taken down his shield from the wall, and stood ready and alert for what might happen.

The figure moved forward, till the moonlight was upon its face, and Gareth recognised the lad Raymond. His face white as swan's down, his eyes like the eyes of one walking in his sleep. He had a shield upon his arm, and a naked sword in his right hand. Nor did he so much as notice Gareth, as he moved down the hall, and unbarred the door leading into the court. And Gareth, who followed him cautiously, and without a sound, saw him cross the court towards the stables as though to saddle and bridle a horse.

The lad came forth in due course from the stable, leading a black horse

by the bridle, the moonlight shining upon the flagstones of the court, and upon the mists that rose from the moat. Gareth, keeping within the shadow of the hall, saw Raymond walk his horse towards the gate. And so wrapped was the knight of Arranches in watching this midnight sally that he did not hear footsteps crossing the hall.

A hand touched his shoulder. He turned with a start, and a grip of the sword, to find the girl Yvette standing there, a cloak covering her white shift, her feet in sandals, her hair falling down about her like so much tawny smoke.

She seemed silent, tongue-tied, dumb for the moment as with some great fear. Her eyes looked into Gareth's, like the eyes of some wild thing pleading for life.

"Messire—my brother—?"
Gareth pointed with his sword towards the gate.

"He has gone?" And even in the moonlight he saw the pupils of her eyes dilate.

They heard the sound of a chain falling. Yvette ran out, with one backward glance at Gareth, and her eyes said "Follow!" And the Norman followed her and the gleam of her hair.

But Yvette went faster than the man, for love winged her heels. She disappeared under the dark entry of the gateway just as her brother swung the heavy gate open. Gareth heard her give a low, eager cry, and when he came to them Yvette was clinging to her brother, and looking up passionately into his face.

"You shall not go," she said. "No, on my life, you shall not."

Raymond, who had dropped his horse's bridle, was trying to thrust the girl from him.

"I will see the end of this," he said. "Let go, child: would you have Rene, our father, left in hell?"

But Yvette still clung to him, fastening her arms again upon him when he had forced them away.

"It is a devil's trick," she said, "no warning from God. Geoffrey went as you are going, and came not again; and Guillaume followed Geoffrey. They were bewitched—taken—And I shall lose you—Raymond—also!"

The lad was a brave lad, though his face was white and his voice husky. He put his sister's hands away from him, thrust her back against the wall, and caught at his horse's bridle. The gate stood open, and he was in the saddle, and ready to spur across the bridge, but a stronger hand than his took the peril from him that night, and turned the horse into the court.

Raymond was out of the saddle, hot with a boy's anger, but Gareth caught him in his arms.

"Softly, lad; I am not here to quarrel. But I have a wish to have a hand in this."

He let Raymond go, seeing Yvette ready to plead once more with the stiff-necked youth.

"Child," he said to her, "what is it that you have to fear? Who is it who comes and calls to you—at midnight?"

She had gone to Raymond, and put an arm about him, but she looked at Gareth with eyes that shone.

"God knows, Messire!" she said. "But there is some curse over us, some power that has lured my father and my brothers to their death. First my father—went—as though a Spirit had taken him; then we heard cries—and a voice at midnight, calling on my brothers to seek their sire. Two have gone where the voice led, and we have never seen their faces again. Now Raymond is called, and if he goes—I—Yvette—shall be left alone."

Gareth stood holding the bridle of Raymond's horse. His brows were knitted, and his eyes were grim and keen in the moonlight.

"Come," he said suddenly. "There is some devil's trick here. A stroke of the sword may end the mystery. I will take Raymond's place to-night."

The lad's face flashed up to Gareth's with a generous denial,

"No—Messire—no. Am I a coward that?"

"I know that, lad, but I have come to my full strength. Let be—I will try my fortune. Lend me your horse, and fetch me my helmet out from the hall. The Cross I wear will keep the Devil from harming me."

Raymond looked at him, and then his arms fell to his side.

"So be it, Messire," he said sullenly, as though half glad, and half ashamed.

But Yvette had run into the hall to search for Gareth's spear and helmet.

She came out, bearing them, her hair flooding over the burnished casque. Gareth had turned his surcoat so that the Cross should not betray him. He took the spear from Yvette's hand and knelt for her to put the helmet upon him.

But before she covered his head with the casque, she stooped and kissed him, smiling a mysterious smile.

"God shall guard you, Messire," she said, and Gareth felt his heart grow great and strong within him.

Now Raymond left them, being sore with himself, and a little ashamed, and passing through the moonlit hall, made for the tower, to watch from its battlements what might happen. Gareth had ridden out before the lad had reached the platform, and holding his horse well in hand, was looking right and left over the moonlit meadows.

He had not seen a slight figure dart after him across the bridge, and follow at a little distance over the grass. It was Yvette, with her cloak drawn over her bosom, and her white feet wet with the heavy dew.

Gareth, alert as a man who knows not what manner of peril may be his at any moment, rode forward slowly, his eyes searching every bush and tree. About a furlong from the moat stood a clump of aspens, their leaves flickering very faintly in the moonlight, the straight stems of the trees splashed with white light or blackened with shadows. And Gareth heard



"YVETTE RAYS ONE SIDEGLANCE AND GREETED HIM."

Drawn by John Cameron

a voice calling to him from amid the aspen trees.

"Follow—follow!" it cried, "to the Monk's Grave; there shall thy father meet with thee, and thy brethren—whom thou thinkest dead."

And Gareth, reining in for the moment, saw a figure on a white horse go riding out across the meadows, spectral and strange through the mists that rose from the wet grass. The rider on the white horse looked to him like a woman, and the clothes of the rider were all a-glisten as though powdered over with frost. Moreover, the eyes of the horse seemed to shine as with fire, and the breath from his nostrils rose like smoke.

Gareth crossed himself, muttered a Pater Noster, and, seeing that his sword was loose in its scabbard, rode on after the figure on the white horse. And at a little distance Yvette of the Tower followed Gareth of Avranches, shivering with the cold of the misty meadows, yet strong in her faith to watch over the man who had taken this curse upon his head.

Now, this midnight rider led Gareth on towards the pine woods that rolled like a black flood from the hill-tops into the valley. A thousand pinnacles were touched by the moonlight, a wild tangle of branches latticed the light of the moon. The tall trunks rose like the pillars of some vast temple. A great silence covered the place, save for the trampling of Gareth's horse.

The meadows had been ghostly enough, but this moonlit wood seemed full of whisperings and shadows, and strange shapes that moved. The chequer of silver light that fell here and there upon the brown mat and thin, wiry grass made the grim gloom around appear deeper. The figure on the white horse beckoned ahead, following a narrow way that climbed the long slope of the hill. And Gareth held on after it, feeling like a man in a land of ghosts, and wondering whether he would be struck down from behind some tree.

The way grew less steep of a sudden, yet Gareth, peering from under

neath his helmet, found that he could no longer see the rider on the white horse. There was nothing but the straight alleyway between the trees, and a blur of moonlight ahead of him, as though he were coming to an open space amid the pines. And suddenly the woodland way opened before him, and he heard a voice calling:—

"Come—come, here is thy journey's end."

Now, before him, Gareth beheld a little clearing in the wood, not more than sixty paces from shade to shade, with the tree trunks like a palisade about it, and the grass short and sleek, and smooth. In the midst of the clearing stood a great black mound or barrow, half as high as Yvette's tower. And a fir tree grew on the summit thereof, like a black plume on the crown of a helmet.

Gareth was looking about him for the guide who had led him, when suddenly there was a noise like the clashing of iron doors that seemed to come from the deeps of the mound. And a man on a great black horse leapt out as from the very heart of the earth itself, a man armed in black mail, with a blur of light upon his helmet, and a shield that shone like silver upon his arm.

He brandished his spear, and wheeled his horse to and fro, the beast's hoofs tearing the grass. Then he turned towards Gareth, and laughed, and shook his shield.

"Guard—guard," he shouted, backing his black horse, and flettering his spear, "the eyes of Yvette shall look long for thee on the morrow."

Now Gareth felt that he had mortal man to deal with, and that Yvette's brothers had been slain here in the midst of the pine wood, and that there was some devilry that deserved the light of day. So he put his shield forward, kicked in the spurs, and charged in on the Black Knight without word or parley. And the Black Knight's spear set Gareth's helm a-ringing, but Gareth smote the Black Knight over his horse's tail.

Gareth threw his spear aside, and was out of the saddle with sword a-gleam, ready to give his man his quintance. But the Knight of the Mound was on his feet, and breathing hard through the bars of his helmet. He was a big man, and strong in the arms, and he came at the Norman with such good-will, that Gareth gave ground, keeping his shield up, hard put to it for a moment to save himself from the whirling sword. So he foined, and dodged, and kept his guard till the Black Knight's first fury had tired him a little, for he was a man who fought like a giant for a while, but weakened with the weight and the fat he carried. Therefore Gareth watched his man, till he knew by his heavy breathing that the first flush was out of him.

Then the knight of Avranches gave a loud shout.

"Holy Cross—Holy Cross," and the man in the black harness found lightning playing about his head. For Gareth beat about him with long, clean strokes, trying shoulder, thigh, and gorget, and baffling his man with the grim swiftness of his sword play. The Black Knight began to bleed at the throat. He was slow, overmatched, beaten to and fro about the mound.

Now Yvette had come to the clearing, and stood in the shadow, leaning against a tree, watching the men fighting, and dazed by the clangour of their blows. And as she stood there, she saw a figure in white dart out from the mound, pick up Gareth's fallen spear, and creep forward to smite the Norman in the back.

Yvette's heart stood still for a moment. Then she gave a shrill cry, and ran out into the moonlight, calling to Gareth to warn him of this treachery.

Gareth heard her voice, despite the hot blood drumming in his ears, and the trampling of their feet upon the grass. He turned, sprang aside two full paces in time to catch the lance point upon his shield. And in a flash he had cut off the head from the staff, and his sword overhung the figure in white, but the thing turned from him,

and fled streaking away into the darkness of the trees.

Again Yvette called to Gareth, "Guard, Messire, guard!"

For the Black Knight had shaken the blood out of his eyes, and come by his breath again, and he rushed at Gareth, and tried to grapple him, but the Norman beat him back, and thrust at him with his shield. For Gareth had seen Yvette standing and watching in the moonlight, and for her sake his heart was grim in him, and great to make an end.

The Black Knight tottered with a blow upon the gorget, recovered, only to be smitten a second time upon the throat. He threw up his arms with a hoarse cry, his sword quivering in the moonlight, his shield jerking to and fro like the broken wing of a bird. Suddenly he fell forward upon his knees, and from his knees he sank upon his face. The fight and the life were out of him, and Gareth stood over him, and with his sword-point made certain of the doom.

He turned to Yvette, and the words that he was about to utter died in his throat, for crawling close to the girl, like a snake in the grass, was the white figure that had led him from the tower to the Monk's Grave. Gareth sprang forward as the figure rose up at Yvette's call.

"Fall, child—fall on your face!" he shouted.

Yvette gave one side glance and obeyed him, and the knife blade touched her shoulder, but missed the more fatal mark.

There was a flash and the whistle of a sword, flung like a curling brand at the figure in the white hood and tunic. The knife-bearing gave a low, dolorous cry, and fled away, with a red stain spreading upon its bosom. Gareth did not follow, but caught up Yvette in his arms, greatly afraid that the blow had given her death.

"Child—child—"

Her hair fell from her face, and she looked at him and smiled.

"It is nothing—a scratch of the shoulder—"

"Our Lady be thanked," said he.
 "Ah—Messire, the thanks are
 yours."

He stood her upon her feet, and
 looked at her shoulder, finding but a
 faint red stain upon her sleeve. Then,
 since she seemed more precious to him
 because of the perils of the place, he
 lifted her upon his horse, mounted,
 and rode at a canter down through the
 wood-way towards the meadows.

"What does it mean, Messire?" she
 asked him, looking in his eyes.

"That you have a brave heart,
 child," he answered her.

"Not that—but yonder—?"

Gareth stared at the moon.

"I have slain an enemy," he said
 shortly. "To-morrow—when it dawns,
 we will go and learn the truth."

And she said no more, but suffered
 her head to rest upon his shoulder,
 for she was thinking how Rene, her
 father, and his two sons had been slain
 and hidden in those dark woods.

So they came to the tower, and told
 Raymond all that had passed, and the
 lad held Yvette in his arms and kiss-
 ed her, unable to soid in his gladness
 for her return.

When the dawn came, Gareth and
 the lad took their arms and their
 horses, and leaving Yvette in the tower,
 rode into the pine woods to the
 barrow on the hill. The place was
 very still and silent, with the first
 flush of the morning touching the tops
 of the tall trees. The knight's black
 horse was still standing there, cropping
 the grass, with bridle trailing.
 And the Black Knight lay dead where
 Gareth's sword had left him, the grass
 a deep purple about his body.

They turned him upon his back, and
 pulled off his helmet. And Raymond,
 when he saw his face, started up with
 a quick cry:

"Malvo de la Montagne?"

"He who should have been in
 Syria?"

But the lad stood aghast and silenced,
 understanding everything as he looked
 at the dead man's face.

Gareth had turned, and walked to-
 wards the barrow. He called to Ray-
 mond suddenly, and stood pointing to
 an opening in the mound, an opening
 that had been concealed with masses
 of furze and litter. The Norman drew
 his sword, and went in with his shield
 forward. For the moment he could
 see nothing, because of the darkness
 of the place.

But when his eyes fathomed the
 depths of that strange death chamber,
 he stepped back suddenly, bearing back
 Raymond, who had pushed into the
 passage.

"The dead are here," he said sol-
 emnly.

And sheathing his sword, he put his
 arm about the lad, and led him out
 into the sunlight. Then he turned
 the furze back over the opening, know-
 ing that it was better that Raymond
 should not see what he had seen. For
 Sir Rene lay there wrapped in a green
 cloak, and on either side of him—
 Geoffrey and Guillaume in their arm-
 or.

So they rode back to the tower,
 Raymond hanging his head over his
 horse's neck, grieving, yet glad that
 the curse had been dispelled. It was
 Gareth who told Yvette all that they
 had found in that barrow amid the
 pine trees on the hill. She listened to
 him silently, her hands crossed upon
 her bosom, realizing the fate from
 which Gareth had rescued her, and
 that Raymond's life had been saved
 by his sword.

"What are my thanks, Messire!"
 she said, looking towards the ground,
 her face very wistful between the
 glimmerings of her hair.

Gareth of Avranches held out his
 hands.

"In the midst of your sorrow—I
 must not speak," he answered, "but in
 all Normandy there is no hair like to
 thine."

But the Normans in after years call-
 ed Gareth's lady, "Yvette—Moon in
 a Mist," so it would appear that
 Gareth won his wife.

Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors



ONTARIO

THE present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario,
 Lieut.-Col. John Morrison Gibson, B.A., LL.
 B., K.C., will in all probability be the last Governor
 to occupy the old Government House in Toronto. This
 historic building is to be disposed of in the near
 future, and a new Government House erected. His
 Honor J. M. Gibson, a man of wide activities and
 varied interests, was appointed in 1908. By pro-
 fession a lawyer, he has been identified with mili-
 tary affairs, education and politics.



Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors



QUEBEC

SPENCER Wood, Quebec, the official home of His Honor the Hon. Sir. C. A. P. Pelletier, K.C.M.G., K.C., B.C.L., LL.D., is one of the historical landmarks of Canada, and is deservedly preserved as a home for Quebec's Lieutenant-Governors. Sir Charles Pelletier was appointed in 1906, having been previously Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec, and prior to that Speaker of the Senate of Canada. He is a lawyer by profession, and was also interested in military affairs as a young man.



Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors



NOVA SCOTIA

NOVA Scotia's substantial Government House at Halifax has been occupied by the present Lieutenant-Governor, His Honor Duncan Cameron Fraser, since 1906. The "Guysboro Giant," as he was endearingly termed by his admirers in the days when he fought hard political battles in the House of Commons, has proven himself a popular viceroy. He is a native of New Glasgow, a graduate of Dalhousie University and a lawyer by profession, but most of his life has been spent in the political arena.



Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors



NEW BRUNSWICK

NEW Brunswick's Lieutenant-Governor, His Honor Lemuel John Tweedie, K.C., LL.D., does not reside at the old Government House in Fredericton, as some years ago the Government of the day refused to keep it up. Since then the Governors have lived at their own private residences. Governor Tweedie, who was appointed in 1907, resides at Chatham, the place of his birth. He is a lawyer, and has had a long political experience, having been premier for seven years.



Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors



MANITOBA

IS Honor Sir Daniel Hunter McMillan, K.C. M.C., the present occupant of Government House, Winnipeg, is the only one of Canada's nine Lieutenant-Governors to enjoy a second term of office. He has been the vice-regal representative in Manitoba since 1906, having been re-appointed in 1908. Sir Daniel was in his younger days a military man of repute. He entered the local legislature in 1880, and was Provincial Treasurer in the Greenway Government from 1889 to 1906.



♣ Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors ♣



BRITISH COLUMBIA

BRITISH Columbia's handsome Government House, at Victoria, saw a change of occupants towards the close of last year. The new occupant, His Honor T. W. Paterson, has taken an active interest in the business life of the province. Born in Scotland in 1859 he was brought to Canada by his father at an early age, and when about twenty started in railroad construction work, which carried him eventually to British Columbia. He is identified with many commercial and industrial enterprises.



♣ Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors ♣



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

THE Lieutenant-Governor of the Island Province, His Honor Donald Alexander MacKinnon, K.C., LL.B., the present occupant of Government House, Charlottetown, with its beautiful grounds, has held the position since 1904. He is an islander by birth and a lawyer by profession. He entered politics in 1893, and sat in the Legislative Assembly until 1900, when he was elected to the House of Commons. Deeply interested in the Island's welfare he has proved to be an excellent administrator.



Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors



ALBERTA

ALBERTA'S Government House at Edmonton, is but a temporary residence for the Lieutenant-Governor. It is soon to be replaced by a fine building, more in keeping with the dignity of the Western Province. His Honor G. H. V. Bulyea, the present governor, and the first Lieutenant-Governor, of Alberta was appointed in 1905. He is a business man, and a native of New Brunswick. He has long been identified in various capacities with the administration of Government in the west.



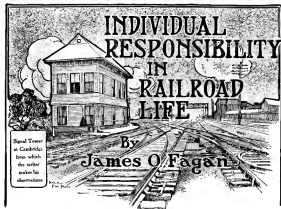
Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors



SASKATCHEWAN

SASKATCHEWAN'S Government House at Regina is a handsome building, having been previously the seat of the Government of the Northwest Territories. It is occupied by His Honor A. E. Forget, who was previously Lieutenant-Governor of the Territories, and who became administrator for Saskatchewan upon the establishment of the Provincial Government. He is a French-Canadian, but has for many years been a resident of the west, taking an active part in governing the Territories.





LIKE other people, I hold all sorts of opinions, some right, some wrong and some queer, about rules and discipline and the rights of the workers and the public, but, important as some of these topics may be, there is yet, in my opinion, one phase of the situation that overshadows them all. I refer to the personal work and individuality of the employee. So far as all matters relating to safety are concerned this is the ever-present and all-important consideration for every man who is in any way interested in betterment work.

Now the individuality I speak of in railroad life has had a curious history. The tendency in modern industrial life is in the first place to get together and to secure what we desire in this way. And it is a good way. By means of it we secure good pay, good treatment, good conditions and the proper representation of our interests in every conceivable direction.

In the working out of this process in social and industrial affairs the individual surrenders many of his rights and merges them, as it were, in the common good.

But when we come to study the life and duties of an everyday railroad man we enter a peculiar field. So far as the public, the service and the employee himself are concerned, by far the most important feature in this field of work is efficiency of service and what is usually called the safety problem.

Now as I have mentioned already, in social and in many forms of industrial life the worker is frequently called upon to sacrifice personal opinions and interests of all kinds in order to present a solid and united front to opposing combinations and interests that conflict with his own. Very naturally this induces and encourages an almost universal tendency to do things and secure things by collective

means and methods and this tendency in many ways takes the mind away from personality and individual methods, in securing results. Putting the case very mildly, I say this tendency in social life to undermine individuality is now lapping over into the railroad business and is to be found in nearly every branch of the service in more or less dangerous form.

I worked for five years at East Deerfield, Mass., as a telegraph operator. This environment at East Deerfield was very interesting. At that time, on the old Fitchburg railroad, what was virtually a one-man power was established in the road and operating departments. This one-man power was by no means a matter of design on the part of the management. As we, the employees, looked at it, this one man, whom we used to call "E.K.," simply took hold and ran things to suit himself. He was chief engineer to be sure, and on that account something of an autocrat, but later when he became superintendent of the road, not the slightest change could be noticed in his manner or method.

The man himself is well worth our serious contemplation. I understand he came from Marblehead, from good old Yankee stock, a descendant of a line of fearless skippers, for which the old town is so famous. I have nothing but praise for the Marblehead type. My object is to show how expansive and full of possibilities is the best of types. To me, personally, this man has always appeared to represent a great social and industrial fact, round which my own individuality has continually circled with ever increasing affinity.

As a matter of fact, "E.K.'s" work and influence extended at one time or another from Troy, N.Y., to Boston, and in all this stretch of railroad, I question if there was any single section that gave him more anxiety than the winding and picturesque strip between Gardner and Greenfield. For two or three years, if I am not mistaken,

"E.K." tramped up and down, directed operations, and you may say, camped in this section. Storm or sunshine it was all the same to him so far as his personal attendance and watchful supervision were concerned. He was a great walker. In bad weather, especially, he seemed to be continually on the move, tramping between stations and visiting spots where, in the construction of the double track there was a constant danger of the washout from beneath and the landslide from above. I have known him to pace up and down, like a sentinel, nearly all night long on the battment of a bridge, watching the rush of the waters through a quivering trestle, while most of his workmen were sound asleep in their bungalows.

Devotion to duty and work of this description, though unknown to the public, was understood and appreciated by employees of every description. And thus, by way of example rather than by rule, a standard of work and behaviour was set up, around which, all unconsciously there gathered a distinct class of worker, inexpressibly distinguished with the "E.K." characteristics. These men can be pointed out to you to-day, and no small number of them, in the service of the state and the railroads.

To the ordinary observer, "E.K." was a taciturn, plodding sort of man, usually standing a little aloof in a contemplative attitude, and his business relations with his men and the outside world were conducted in exclamations and sentences of almost startling brevity.

On a certain occasion I was called to his office at Fitchburg. It was on a Sunday and that meant a visit to his hotel. Watching the course of events and the tact and methods of officials from the side lines, I got it into my head that this personal summons to the hotel was a regular feature of the "E.K." policy. At any rate, I took notice that the men who were favored in this way required very little watching. I may be wrong

in attaching design to these personal interviews, but nevertheless I am positive that a greater number of successful railroad men were inspired and equipped in that little room in the Fitchburg hotel in one year than have been turned out on the same railroad by the more modern methods, in a quarter of a century. The men of today are without doubt just as capable and conscientious as formerly, but the circulation, both of their facilities inwardly speaking, and their movements outwardly, is different. Their self-assertion is exerted in a narrower sphere, and they lack the industrial freedom of the "E.K." graduate.

These details seem to me to be necessary in order to present a well-rounded description of the personal element as a factor in railroad management, and in regard to this personality the more important half of the story remains to be told.

In those days we used to think "E.K." had the discipline problem worked out on a very satisfactory basis. It is true, at times, the autocratic discharge of a man fell like a bolt from a clear sky. But his ideas of the safety problem are foreign to this generation. The lines between right and wrong were drawn from his own judgment, on the spot, rather than from the schedule or the book of rules. When a man knew that his case was sound, an interview with "E.K." was invariably satisfactory, but when anything unusually careless took place, the man gave "E.K." and his office a wide berth, and went straight for the paymaster's office, where his money was waiting for him. By this process, whether we liked it or not, a school was established, and a body of men created on the old Fitchburg, who actually constitute the pick of the service between Troy and Boston to-day. They can still be pointed out as the level-headed element in the different departments. Of the veterans, the engineers of the important express trains, who have kept at it year after year with spotless records, the majority are "E.K." pupils. Among pas-

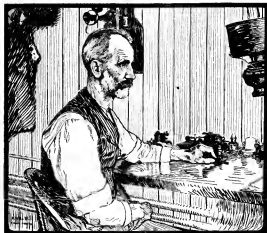
senger and freight conductors the proportion is nearly as great, while in the road and engineering departments the survivors can still be counted by the score.

But while I could fill a page with the names of these "E.K." men who retain such creditable records, a still more interesting story is to be told about his personal following, the men who dragged chains for him, constructed the bridges and took care of the roadbed. Without exaggeration, every one of these men have risen to actual distinction in the service. Of the survivors, one is a state railroad commissioner, two hold other responsible positions in the same bureau; another is a state engineer for the supervision of railroad crossings; still another is general manager of the Rock Island Railroad. The superintendent of the Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, as well as two of the assistant superintendents, are also "E.K." men, while in the road department of the same division, these graduates are to-day in charge of nearly every important position.

Hert, as it seems to me, is a kind of industrial census that is well worth considering. We have good engineers, good conductors and good trainmen, but I wish to add that in all the long term of years since the departure of "E.K." from the railroad in question, so far as I have been able to find out, not a man has stepped out of the ranks and asserted himself individually in any way. In some way and for various reasons the incentive and the opportunity to spread seems to have departed.

The relation that this state of affairs bears to progress and efficiency of service is at any rate an interesting topic, both for employees and the people.

I have presented this picture of the old-time manager not as an argument in favor of autocratic management, but simply as a study of the value of the personal equation. In other words, I am simply giving an historical sketch. Of course, the manager of



"I WORKED FOR FIVE YEARS AT EAST DEERFIELD, MASS., AS A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR."

to-day is a very different, and, doubtless, some of us will say, a more highly civilized individual. But now let us take a glance at the employee whose industrial progress and well-being is being hindered in this way, in the U. S., you understand. Only a few years ago a young man came into my switch tower at West Cambridge. He wanted a little advice. He had been employed in the yards taking car numbers and he had about made up his mind to enter the train service as a brakeman. He was anxious to hear about the prospects. He was a worker, with plenty of grit and enthusiasm, so I put the case to him in writing in this way: "You can easily get a job as a brakeman," I wrote to him, "and after that the following is about what will happen to you. You will remain a brakeman for a certain number of

years. You will receive good pay and treatment, and your duties, comparatively speaking, will be light. In the course of time you will step into the position of conductor, and again you will find the pay and the duties entirely satisfactory. In all probability this will prove to be a correct outline of your career, and thus the prospect of your becoming a good and useful member of the society is by no means a bad one. Attention to the routine of your work will insure the permanency of your job. Outside of this, if there is anything that you desire or dislike, your committee will attend to it. In this way, without any exertion on your part, you are going to have a fairly good time of it, and you will also have considerable leisure in which to educate and build yourself up in any way you please. Industrially

speaking, then, the prospect is not a bad one, but the situation has another side. Does the prospect appeal to you as an individual?

"You will receive little or no encouragement to make yourself any better or more diligent than your fellows. For example, the men who are now ahead of you will remain ahead of you to the end of the chapter, and nothing that you can do will alter the rate of your progress.

"And there is another peculiar feature to be noticed. All sorts of questions concerning loyalty, extra exertion, sense of duty, the interests of the traveling public, and so forth, are becoming more and more questions of general agreement than of individual selection. Industrially speaking, from the collective point of view, great results have been obtained in this way, but you may take my word for it, that the only way to increase your stature as an individual, is through personal effort, and the freest possible development and exercise of your faculties, to which must be added a certain amount of encouragement from the outside. But if there are no difficulties to be overcome, you may be sure there will be no victories to chronicle.

"Meanwhile you will find this kind of collective industrial bargaining will make inroads on your efficiency. Perhaps you won't agree with me on this point, but if you watch the trend of affairs on railroads to-day, you will easily perceive that the whole situation is being put up to the vote almost daily on all railroads, and while pay and privileges are being constantly added to, all matters relating to duty, loyalty and personal behavior are being just as consistently defamed, materialized and whittled away. In this way new standards of duty and all sorts of limitations on personal effort are being introduced, which are not as good as the old standards, because they are machine-made and artificial. Such being the situation, I concluded, 'you will do well to think it over and decide upon your plans for yourself.'

This problem relating to the effect

of modern methods of work and management on the efficiency of the individual on railroads, is a matter of vital importance to society. The more personal and concrete the illustrations we bring to bear on it the better.

When the switch-tower in which I work was installed, the pay was thirteen dollars a week. It was a twelve-hour job, and besides the lever work there were forty or fifty lamps, both high and low, to be taken care of. We had to clean, oil and adjust a good many switches. There was also a good deal of single track work in those days, which called for considerable train order and message business.

To-day the job pays about eighteen dollars per week. Instead of twelve we work only eight hours per day. Single track at that point is a thing of the past; all lamp and switch-cleaning has passed into other hands, and the towerman pays undivided attention to his levers and his trains. Step by step nearly every one of these benefits and improvements have been secured by the towermen's committee, in conference with the manager. We have only a local organization, something like two hundred, and we are not affiliated with the Order of Railroad Telegraphers. The benefits I have described are real, and the methods that were employed to secure them were honest and praiseworthy in every respect. Up to this point then, no fault is to be found either with methods or results. Now these results have been obtained by the organization as a whole working together. But right here, a confession is called for. If the low-wage men in the small towers had declined to join hands with the higher-wage men in the large towers, it is safe to say not a quarter of the benefits I have enumerated could have been secured from the management. So, of course, there is something, in fact, a great deal, due to the low-wage men. So long, then, as they do not secure more than their due, no danger to the service or to the organization is to be anticipated.

The men in the tower service work in shifts, representing, roughly speaking, day, afternoon and night work. The day men have the largest experience, and are the best paid. But manifestly in and out of the organization, the afternoon and the night men combined can outvote the day men, who are in possession of the best jobs, and the most money. Consequently, the towermen as a body, are continually striving to raise the minimum wage, which will eventually put all towermen on a level as regards wages and duties, regardless of experience, length of service or ability, and the movement has the votes behind it. In all branches of the service concessions of this nature are being secured from managers, and the ultimate effect upon the service cannot be obscured.

For example, if the minimum wage of towermen on the Boston & Maine Railroad goes any higher than at present, and that concession is even now being pressed on the management, when a vacancy occurs in a small tower, an experienced man in a larger tower, under his seniority rights, will naturally step down from his difficult position to an easier one, if he can get the same money, and thus the tendency will be for the men with the most experience to gravitate towards the small towers, leaving the important positions to be filled by the new arrivals. In this way, with constantly increasing danger in nearly all branches of the service, there is a tendency towards the "bidding off," as they call it, of the "snaps," by the most experienced workers.

However, as conditions of service improve, this majority vote will express itself in more intelligent and conservative terms. In the past this vote has been led and reasonably led, always at the call and ever toward the goal of more money and a shorter working period. With reasonable and greatly improved conditions, the individual in railroad life is bound to assert himself along lines of a higher personality and a wider sympathy, and those who have any knowledge of the

character and calibre of the American railroad man, have but little fear for the future or for the outcome.

But the expression and growth of this social conscience is altogether dependent upon the attitude of public opinion. Publicity, and publicity alone, can be depended upon to define and safeguard the interests of the people in these railroad problems. Without popular supervision, however, the conflicting interests of managers and men are bound to introduce into the service all sorts of strange and intolerable situations. I will give an illustration to show how closely at times, these situations and tendencies concern the public convenience and safety.

On Thanksgiving eve last, at a point a few miles out of Boston, a tree fell across the railroad tracks, and blocked all traffic. In the nick of time a policeman discovered the obstruction. The following day the enormous proportions of the tree were described in the newspapers, in fact, it was said to be a log over four feet in diameter. Anyway, the passenger trains immediately began to line up east and west of the tree until probably two thousand passengers were assembled in this way and sat there in the coaches patiently waiting and wondering.

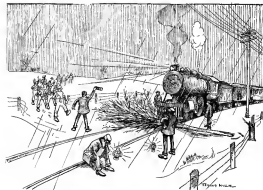
The curious among the trainmen turned up their coat collars,—it was raining,—and ran up the track a short distance. But the enormous obstruction was only too evident, and they were soon under cover again. Meanwhile an hour had passed, and there was no relief from any quarter. Of course, it is the business of section men and wrecking crews to remove enormous obstructions from the railroad tracks. So, in course of time, three or four section men, pretty tired fellows at that, after a hard day's work shoveling snow and slush, were routed out of their homes between eight and nine in the evening, and hurried to the scene. They carried axes and other tools with them, although emergency axes were to be found in the coaches, but there was no

one to think of them or the possibility of their being used. Well, the tired section men cleared the tracks in about fifteen minutes, but the total delay to the trains was a little over two hours, which, as you know, on Thanksgiving eve is precious time. The following day I looked over the ground. I found the stump of the tree twenty feet from the track, measured fourteen inches, while the stick where it crossed the rails was just eight inches in diameter. The branches, of course, gave

personal attention or assistance of that kind is looked upon as being outside the understood sphere of duty, in a way unexpected, and therefore meriting special mention and commendation. The following is taken from the December issue of that magazine:

T. S. Hard, conductor, Amarillo, Tex., ten merit marks, for arranging to flag a train, thus saving serious delay to that train, while his engine was undergoing repairs.

E. P. Carroll, brakeman, Arizona Division, ten merit marks, for discovering



"ON THANKSGIVING DAY . . . A TREE FELL ACROSS THE RAILROAD TRACKS."

it a very formidable appearance. The section men informed me that four or five men could easily have dragged the tree to one side, while with axes it was the easiest kind of a job for a few willing hands, that is to say, in fine weather.

The peculiar feature of this illustration is that under modern methods and standards of duty in the United States, the management can do very little about it. Indeed, if you consult the railroad magazines, the Santa Fe Employers' Magazine, for example, you will at once perceive that a little

a broken brakebeam and giving the stop signal, thus probably avoiding a serious accident.

W. Penthan, engineer, S.F.P. & P., has received a letter of commendation for assistance rendered in removing a tree which had fallen across the telegraph line.

A. W. Snow, operator, Cagronville, ten, for discovering a broken frog and displaying interval in having it protected and repaired at once.

I have no intention to magnify these incidents, except insofar as it is necessary to show a tendency in railroad life away from a comprehensive and liberal interpretation of a railroad man's

duty to himself and the service. Hidden away in this personal interpretation of duty is the only practical solution to all efficiency and safety problems, and the topic is well worth discussing and thinking over by every serious employee.

In this way, imperfectly it may be, I have tried to describe some of the tendencies and conditions in railroad life so far as my understanding of the situation is concerned. And, look at the situation any way we choose, the conclusion is forced upon us that railroad men as a body are very strong, very capable and altogether well-intentioned. And yet, in spite of these fundamental and praiseworthy features, it is becoming daily more and more apparent that there is still some element lacking to make our safety conditions the best possible under the circumstances.

After a painstaking and, I think, a conscientious, study of the safety problem on railroads in the United States, I confess I have about lost whatever faith I ever possessed in rules, regulations, methods of discipline, as well as in all manner of legislative interference considered as prevention or cure of what should be termed the *personal railroad accident*. Now, if you will cast your eye over the list of accidents for the past year in Canada or the United States, I think you will be impressed with the fact that this personal accident, by which, of course, I mean the accident for which the employee is personally responsible, is the one uncomfortable and seemingly incomprehensible feature of railroad life.

For the time being, putting on one side all accidents to passengers and destruction of property, I think I am justified in looking upon this personal accident on our railroads as a very distinct form of industrial suicide that has certain well-defined reasons for its existence and that calls for a certain well-defined and understood treatment for its cure.

I am profoundly impressed with the idea that his surroundings and educa-

tion-to-day, his political and industrial affiliations, are developing the tendency to make the average railroad man bigger than his job. At the same time, I am free to admit that apart from the influences of these factors on the safety problems, that is to say, in every other line of his social and industrial progress, I heartily wish more power to the railroad man's elbows.

What do I mean when I say that only too often we are bigger than our jobs? Let me give you an illustration. A train crew receives orders to run extra from A to B and return. The process is repeated actually hundreds of times and all goes well. The crew I have reference to are thoroughly capable and experienced. Not a green man in the combination. They have such thorough confidence in each other that a motion or a swing of a lantern sets the machinery in motion, and the business is done quickly and accurately. There is no thought of questioning and verifying among men who are accustomed to train work of this kind. One day an order was handed to the conductor to make the usual run from A to B. This time, however, the return was omitted for some reason. The conductor rushed out, gave the all-right motion and off they went. It was such an old song. There was no individual inquiry or scrutiny of the order. So they came back without orders and no end of trouble ensued.

Now, this lack of individual scrutiny is simply a symptom of ingrained over-confidence in oneself and in one's fellows, and it must, I think, be put down as a feature of our railroad life that calls for earnest attention and the precious lives that have paid tribute to it are simply innumerable.

[Editor's Note.—The foregoing article is the substance of an address delivered by Mr. Fagan, before the Canadian Pacific Railway Safety League in West Toronto recently, an organization which has for its object the safeguarding of human life on the railroad, and is composed of all classes of employees.]



"MASTER FLETCHER, WE MUNNA LET THE DOCTOR GANG FRA AMANG US."

The Doctor of the Dale

By

Oswald Wildridge.

It was Fletcher, the master of Hunday, whose home is snugly set amid the solitude of Heron Crag, to whom David Branthwaite delivered his secret in the first instance; and although Fletcher is one of the strong men his strength was turned to naught, and astonishment sealed his lips. Afterwards, because David asked it, he passed the news to Skelton, the shepherd of Miterdale, and to the pair of them the secret had the weight of a heavy burden. It was only when time

for reflection was given that they realized how much the revelation meant to the doctor.

When David turned his gig that day into the lane that sheers steeply from the creek at Dalefoot into the mountain lands, he did so reluctantly, and it was a good thing for him that Meg knew the way as well as himself, for he drove with loose rein and head down-bent. As a rule, when we caught the doctor in this mood we knew that he had a specially bad case

in hand, and we returned thanks for his rough-coated nag and its wisdom.

Not until Meg was plodding up the brow towards the fir plantation which screens the house of Hunday from the northern winds did the doctor shake off his thoughts, and even then their mark remained, so that when Fletcher met him in the croft, he seemed to have some embarrassment about his words. As a man of discretion, Fletcher gave him his time, and by and by, when mention was made of the winter's work among the sheep, the doctor blurted out his news.

"I'll not be here then, John. It's what I've driven up the dale to tell you."

"Not be here?" Fletcher repeated wonderingly. Then, mistaking the drift of the declaration, he added: "And I'm glad to hear it, David. You'll be taking a holiday, and it's about time. Why, man, I don't believe you've ever had one—except just a day now and again. Though I think you're making a mistake in choosing the winter. And I don't see how any locum 'll manage the dales if it's a time of snow or flood."

"It's no holiday I'm thinking of," David was again stumbling over his words. "At least, it's a holiday that'll last till the end of my time. I'm going for good. I've worked long enough. I'm wanting a rest.—And I'm wanting to see a bit of the world before it's too late. Got a touch of the wanderlust, I expect. And so I'm selling the practice; going to advertise it, and I'll part with it as soon as I've found the right man. That's one point I'm being particular about; I must have the right man—for the dalesfolk are not like ordinary people, and a wrong choice might lead to heart-break, both for them and the new doctor."

Among the men of the hill country Fletcher of Hunday, a man of long, wiry frame, weather-tanned face, square chin, and a head with its thatch of iron-grey hair, carried well erect, ranked as one of the strongest, not merely in thew and sinew, but also in character, in judgment, and the

quality of the helping hand. Like the rest of us, moreover, he has the knack of making the best of a bad job, and is little given to emotional display. But here was a crisis of magnitude; every home in the dale was threatened with the loss of a friend; and because of this, sorrow laid its chilling hand upon him, bewilderment ran riot in his heart. And when David beheld the signs he hastened to the end.

"I can't help it, John. I mustn't hide here any longer. I'm an old man—a creaking gate, and—I'm getting old-fashioned. Not that that's got anything to do with it, I'm going because I'm tired and wanting a rest. I didn't mean to tell anybody till all was settled, but—there's been few friendships so strong as yours and mine, and I was bound to tell you. I'd like you to pass it on to Skelton; one telling is as much as I can manage, and there it must rest until I ask you to break it to the dale."

This was the first time that David Branthwaite had ever made any show of the white feather. A second sign he gave when he edged away to the door so that he might escape the pleadings of his friend, but Fletcher barred his flight and pointed to the chair.

"Sit ye there, David Branthwaite," he said, "till I try to show you the measure of your folly. The dale without the doctor! Man, it's a thing that'll not bide thinking of. It's all very well for you to talk about taking your rest, but what's the dale going to do? A fine pack of minnies we shall be in the hands of a town doctor, who'll be giving town physic for country constitutions, and most likely 'll not be able to go his rounds more than six or seven months out of the twelve. What'll the folks be doing in the bad weather when the fogs are hiding the fell-tracks or the snows are about, or the flood waters are out? The poorly bodies 'll just have to go on suffering, and mebbe die. And all the while you'll be taking what you call your rest. A man has no right to rest as long as the world needs him and he can give it service."

This was Fletcher's manner of being hard, but the doctor was in no wise deceived or weakened in his purpose.

"It's a fine gift of diplomacy you've got, John Fletcher," he replied, "though I'm thinking that a child could see through you. And, what's more to the point, I didn't drive up the foothills to-day to have my mind changed for me. I'd fixed it too fast before I left Dalefoot for that."

"But what about the folks?" Fletcher protested. "Don't you ken that they've made you one of their heroes, and that many a time the battle's half won as soon as a sick body sees your face."

"Hero, indeed!" the doctor snapped. "There's nothing in that. The dale's full of 'em. Nearly every shepherd on the fells is a hero, and every woman who's called by the name of mother. As for me, it's time I made way for a younger man—though it isn't for that I'm going." Here he broke off suddenly, and made a valiant effort at defiance. "I've had my fill of work, and I mean to rest."

About the hour of sundown the master of Hunday stalked solemnly across the fells to the lonely house by the tarn where the shepherd of Miterdale lived his lonely life, and the moon was high over the crown of Great Gable, when he set out on his return. And through all the intervening hours the talk was of David Branthwaite and the loss that was about to befall the people of the dale.

It was a conversation broken by many prolonged gaps, wherein thought was given free rein, and chunks of heroism were raked out of the doctor's past and rejoiced over as something more precious than the treasures of earth. It was Fletcher who recalled the flood of '72 when Nicholson, the doctor of Blenethwaite, was down, and David worked the round in addition to his own, spending much of his time in Old Tom Howard's boat. But it was Skelton who went over that adventure along the storm-lashed waters of the lake to the home of Susan Hetherington at Down-in-the-Dale,

which not only put the prophets of disaster to shame, but saved the life of an old woman. It was Skelton, also, who remembered the blight that fell upon the bairns, and how David had no sleep in his own bed for full three weeks, but stole a nap now and again on the settles of farm-house kitchens, and this in turn was capped by Fletcher with the good that was done by stealth for Jerry Todhunter, and David's wrath when an accident gave his secret to the world.

Thus, chunk by chunk, they quarried the treasure, and themselves were so amazed by the richness of the store that the shepherd was moved to a passion of protest; "Maister Fletcher, we munna let the doctor gang fra among us. It'll be something mair than a man that's missing; it'll be part of the dale itself. It'll be just as though Scafe Fell were plucked up by the roots or Great Howe cast into the sea."

Fletcher shook his head hopelessly. "When did you ever ken David Branthwaite go back on his spoken word?" he said. "Besides, I hardly think I've told you everything. He makes it out that it's for his own sake that he's leaving us. He wants rest, if you please, and a bit of gallivanting about before his day's done. And that's nonsense. He hasn't got the money for gallivanting—he's spent too much on other folks for that. I'm thinking that it's just another bit of his real self showing. Mind, he's only dropped a word or two by accident, but I think I've got a grip of the notion that moving him—he fancies that he's grown old-fashioned and out of date; he's been too busy to keep pace with the pack. And once let him get convinced that his retirement's a matter of duty there's no power on earth that'll keep him among us."

Afterwards the statesman and the shepherd held many consultations, each reporting to the other their discoveries regarding the doctor's plans and the progress of his preparations for flight; and finally, on the darkest day of all, came Fletcher across the

fell with the intelligence that the fateful step had been taken, and that after much sifting of correspondence the doctor had made choice of his successor.

After the manner of a man without hope Fletcher passed the news along, but Skelton received it with stubbornness and doubt.

"I've believe it when I see it," he declared; "there's not a man in all the world who's able to wear David Branthwaite's shoes as long as David himself's alive."

II.

Autumn made a sullen descent upon the land that year, with much drip of rain in the lowlands and a great murk of sodden mist everywhere, and the night that David Branthwaite was marked as the night of his crisis was one of impenetrable gloom. As for the day, it was just the one to make an old man long for rest. Hard on the heels of the dawn there came a call to a lonely farm beyond Holm Rook. By noon he was going his round of the Twin Hamlets at the head of the dale, and night had settled on the land when he climbed into his gig on the flank of Black Coombe with a fine bunch of miles between himself and his home. It was a bad night for any man to be abroad, with the land tucked away from sight under a blanket of solid fog, and when David led his gig into the road he delivered himself into the keeping of Meg. It was a true word that he spoke when he declared that "it all rested with Meg," and David had a full appreciation of the fact. Now and again, as the mettlesome little horse adroitly picked her way down the rough hillside, through the mist he threw her a word of encouragement, and when she carried them round one of the sharpest elbows on their track, he laid his hand on the touselled head of Dash, who had the other seat in the gig, and called the dog's attention to the achievement:

"Isn't she fine, Dash—not another horse in the dale that 'ud do it."

It was a night of nothingness. Sight was robbed of power; instinct and the sense of touch were alone reliable; there was naught but the measured beat of hoof and the muffled grind of wheel to proclaim the existence of the world. Sky and stars had vanished; all the far-extended range of mountain crags had been swept away; all the homely lights on the fellside farms were extinguished. Nothing with life was showing save an old man, a touselled dog, and a wayworn horse.

David had since declared that the spell of horse lay upon him that night with intensified force. He longed for the glowing comfort of the fire. Only that is not quite how his confession runs. He talks of his conduct as foolishness and the longing as a sign of weakness. He speaks also with something like self-contempt of the resentment that gripped him when the silent world became articulate, with the voice of a man clamouring in the void.

"Doctor—doctor, is that you, doctor?"

It was a call darkly ominous. Too well did David recognise the signal. It was not the first time that Love had cried to him by night in anguish. Also 't was not the first time that Love had called to him without cause. His vision of home comfort suddenly receded. There was a tang of rebellion in his reply: "Ay, it's me. Who are you—and what d'ye want?"

"I'm Reuben Banks—fra Netherghyll."

Out of the mist a man, young but haggard, and wearily bedraggled, advanced into the dull arc of the gig's twin side-lights. Reuben Banks laid his hand on the shaft and turned his pallid face and blinking eyes to meet the doctor's penetrating gaze.

"Eh, doctor, but I'm glad I've found you. I've been to your house, bit Mistress Bewsher said you'd gone Black Coombe way, an' seah I cum along till I end o' Lonnin', to try an' catch you."

"And what is it you want? What's wrong?"

"It's the bairen, doctor. It's a shame calling you to Netherghyll on see a night—sn' fells are fearful—bit we canna do without you. The mistress thinks it's—diphthery."

"Diphthery, did ye say?" The interrogation was charged with suspicion. "I'll warrant it's only a bit of a sore throat. Some of you fellside fathers and mothers have given me many a weary trounce with that cry. Netherghyll on such a night—it's ridiculous?"

"The laal laddie's mighty bad, doctor."

"And I'm mighty weary. And Meg's done up. And it's fourteen mile to Netherghyll if it's a furlong."

"Aye, if you gang by t' road, but you can make it seven by crossing fell."

"Listen till him," David snapped.

"Across fell when you can't see a hand's-breadth in front."

But Reuben had a child in need of help, and he was not going to be so easily repulsed. Moreover, he knew the manner of the man with whom he was dealing.

"It's not beyond you, doctor," he pleaded. "You ken all the ins and outs of the dale. Fwolk say that you could find your way fra Three Shire Stones till top o' Black Sail Pass with your eyes blindfolded. An' the bairen's terrible poorly. He's burning like a furnace—he's been rambling in his talk—and when I cum away he—he didn't ken his own mother."

"Oh, didn't he? Well, when you've done with your havers you might just get a grip o' Meg's head and lead her round the bend. She wants badly to go forrad to her stable. Then you can come up beside me and we'll try and win through. Though you may set your mind at rest about the bairen; it'll be a bit cold he's got, and the little'ns are soon down and soon up."

As the wheels grated on the ground, however, he softly murmured: "Best foot forrad, Meg; best foot forrad. We're folks of power, you and me—a wee laddie's life—and it rests with

an old man and a tired horse. As for the fireside and the slippers—Shaf!"

It was a silent journey. Reuben Banks was thinking of his child, and the thoughts of David Brantwhaite strayed ever to a letter that lay upon his desk ready for posting before the mail went out on the morrow, and to the man who was coming to the dale to rule over his kingdom. And when he thought of the letter his heart was touched with bitterness, and when he thought of the man his heart was touched with dread. All the while he sat well forward in the gig, his eyes steadily boring the pall in front of them, his ears intently set for the sounds of the road by which he was enabled to measure their progress, the tinkle of cascades upon the heights, the shout of the roysing river, the boom of the cataracts behind Burnfoot.

And thus, with much difficulty, they came to the house of Grayrigg, where Meg was stabled hastily in one of the vacant stalls—in the dale every door is open to the doctor and every stable to his horse—and then, having helped themselves to a couple of lanterns, the two men took to the hidden track of the fells. Men who rely on sight for their traveling would have denounced the enterprise as one of desperate folly, but David led the way through the appalling waste with confidence. Occasionally he halted and swung his lantern low across the swampy track, but it was clear that he was trusting more to the cairns of mountain stone erected for the guiding of the shepherds at work upon the fells in time of snow. One by one the cairns were picked up, their bulk hugely magnified by the mist, their forms weird and wrath-like, and at length under the lee of one of them David called for a change of route.

"Here's where we drop our landmarks and plunge into the wilderness," he declared. "If I've got my bearings, and I think I have, we're only a quarter of a mile from Frosticks Bield, and ten minutes after that I'll be looking to your bairen."



"WHEN REUBEN RETURNED THE DOCTOR WAS DOWN ON HIS KNEES BY THE BED"

The mother met them by the inner door of her home, the tiny cot of a herdsman of the hills; her eyes proclaimed the terror of loss rioting in her heart. When David spoke to her, with his "Well, Jamie, and how's the bairn?" she pointed to the truckle bed in the far corner whereon her boy lay, a curly-haired mite, a hectic spot flushing each cheek, his breathing hard and noisy, the tumultuous heaving of the slender frame betraying the sternness of the struggle for life.

One quick glance, and then David pulled off his plaid, his great-coat, and his cap, and banded them to Reuben.

"Clear these away," he said, "out of the room."

When Reuben returned the doctor was down on his knees by the bed, his hands devoutly busy about the child. Solemnly the wag at the wa' clock ticked out the seconds; to the father and mother the seconds seemed to have had the length of hours when the old man rose and gently laid his hand on the mother's shoulder.

"My lassie," he said, "you sent for me all the way to Dalefoot because of your trust, and now you've got to trust me a bit further. I want you to give your bairn up to me for ten minutes—a quarter of an hour, maybe—and if he can be saved I'll save him for you. Just slip away to your room—and a bit prayer—and I'll send Reuben for you—when I've done my work."

The mother raised her head and met the doctor eye to eye. She was a woman bereft of speech, but motherhood is never dumb. All the longing of her soul was concentrated in that one look; the one passionate demand of her life was laid bare; it was a prayer for the life of her boy. Then she passed into the bedroom, and as the door closed the doctor threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"Empty that kettle into a basin and fill it up again," he ordered Reuben. "That's it—put it on the table." He himself was opening a small case of delicate instruments. "Now I want a

bandage—something big enough to hold the liddle—ay, that long plaid o' yours 'll do nicely. And I want you to help me—when I've got him wrapped up you'll have to hold his head.

You don't need to bother about your nerve—it's nothing—simple operation—usual thing for a bad case o' diphtheria. . . . That's it. You've managed fine. I can do the rest myself, lad." And then, after a pause, wherein the doctor worked swiftly and the long bandage was removed and the child carefully wrapped up in his bed again, "I wish you'd look into the room and let Jamie ken how her bairn's breathing again—you can see for yourself. It's all a matter o' constitution now, and he comes of good stock."

As for the rest of the labors that were wrought that night for the life of the herdsman's child, they may not be set down in printed words, but at least they are ineffaceably engraved on the hearts of two of the hill people. A picture of intense power that cottage interior presented: Reuben seated on the settle under the window, rigid as a block of marble, the mother crouched on the rug by David's dog; the grizzled, shaggy-maned doctor by the bedside, watching, watching, listening, listening all the time. Once David called the mother to his side and whispered, "Janie, woman, will you get me bite and sup? I haven't tasted for ten hours"; and a little later he threw her a nod which said as plainly as words, "I'm not saying he's out o' danger, but your bairn's holding his own."

At last, as the daylight filtered through the mist the doctor staggered across the floor, dropped like a log on the settle, and when the mother bent over him he waved his hand toward the bed.

"Look after the bairn," he mumbled. "He'll do now—with a bit o' care. I'm all right—just tired—terribly tired—and I'm going to rest."

It is doubtful whether she heard him. Before his head had smuggled into the cushion she was away by her

sleeping child, but when David awoke a couple of hours later she was ready for him with stammering words of gratitude.

"Ise never forget you, doctor. You little ken the comfort it is to have a man like you to send for. There are some who say you've got a rough tongue and a manner as wild as the winds on fell in winter-time, but dales-folk ken that you're one o' God's good men—An' Reuben an' me'll never forget. An' I'll tell the bairn—"

"I'll warrant you will," David glowered on her in wrath. He was ever intolerant of thanks. "An' I'll tell the bairn that he's got the greatest chattermag in all the dales for a mother. Whatever's come ower the woman? All this hawering for a bit of sore throat! You shouldn't be so free with your words. Whatever would you have said if the child had really ailed anything? It'd be mair to your credit if you'd be asking me to a cup o' that tea you've just been massing before I set off across fells. I thanks indeed—what next?"

Now, although he had called himself "a creaking gate," there was a wonderful swing about the doctor's action when he left the cottage, and he carried his head like one of the youngsters. The mist was lifting now, swirling off the foothills in huge, fantastic shapes, so that the way of his return was clear; but, instead of heading straight for the stable at Grayrigg, he turned away toward Heron Crag and the house of Hunday. And here, although he had already declared that his night's ministry had been rendered to a sore throat, he now had a different tale to tell.

"The top o' the morning to ye, John Fletcher," he cried. "I've saved the life of a bairn, the joy of a woman and a man, and ye can give me your hand upon it."

"There's nothing new in that, David," Fletcher replied very quietly. "Whose was the bairn?"

"Reuben Banks' liddle—a matter of touch and go—worst case of diphtheria I've ever handled. And I've worked twice round the clock—and I've not seen my own bed since night before last—and I went clean across fell in last night's fog. It was the short cut that saved the bairn. If I'd taken the road there'd have been a house of mourning in the dale instead of a house of joy."

A queerish look, a blend of pride and hope and disappointment, swept across Fletcher's face, and his next observation seemed to be lacking in point.

"And the name of your successor is Ferguson, isn't it?"

"Ferguson. That's the man I settled on," the doctor replied. "I wrote to him a couple of days ago."

"Then he'll have got your letter by now, David, and you're no longer the real doctor of the dale."

"That's one of your mistakes, Fletcher. Man, you shouldn't be so hasty in your judgments. I said nothing about the posting of the letter. Abdicating isn't easy. I wanted to hold my kingdom a wee bit longer—and so I kept the letter back for twenty-four hours."

"Ah! And now you'll be away to drop it into the letter-box?"

"I'm away now." Here the doctor halted just to get the shake out of his voice. Then he tried again. "I'm away now to put my foolishness from me. That letter—I'm going to tear it up. It's no successor I'm wanting, though, maybe, I'll look out for a likely assistant and train him up to the way of the folks and the country—to take my place when I'm gone."

Fletcher tried hard to speak, but failed, and David finished the statement of his case: "Man, they can't do without me—and I can't do without them. I'll neither rest nor rust. I'm going to die in harness—and I'd have ye ken that I'm still the doctor of the dale."



Yours very truly,

J. Forbes-Robertson.



FORBES-ROBERTSON IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM

THE ACTOR IS HERE SEEN IN HIS ROOM IN MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE, NEW YORK,
SIGNING CONTRACTS FOR HIS ACTING TOUR.

The Story of Forbes-Robertson

By

Percy Burton

THE life-story of Forbes-Robertson is one of worthy ideals, hard work, excessive modesty and lofty achievement. Romance, too, has had her place in the career of one who may be now justly regarded as the greatest of English-speaking actors.

Forbes-Robertson was never a business man, or he would long since have taken his proper place at the head of the calling to which he has devoted the greater part of his strenuously ac-

tive life, notwithstanding the temperament of a poet and dreamer. In other words, he is a Hamlet at heart. Forbes-Robertson was an artist—or rather a painter, first, and an actor afterwards, for an artist he has always remained. His first banking account was realized from his famous painting of the church scene of "Much Ado About Nothing," which was hung in the Royal Academy and now rests in a place of honor at the Players' Club in New York, whither it went on the

sale of Irving's relics. It was commissioned by Sir Henry Irving, who proposed that his then Claudio should paint the scene for £150. Forbes-Robertson agreed, but Irving was so delighted with the result that he insisted on doubling the amount and sent him a cheque for £300. Forbes-Robertson returned it twice, but in vain. Irving was adamant even in his generosity, and would have his way.

Johnston Forbes-Robertson was born in London on January 16th, 1853—the eldest son of a London art-critic and journalist. He was educated at Charterhouse, for which famous institution he has promised to appear as Buckingham at a special matinee on his return to London shortly. On leaving Charterhouse, he completed his education in France, principally in a monastery among the romantic surroundings of Rouen, and studied painting at various art-schools, being admitted as a student to the Royal Academy School of Art, London, in 1870. He made his debut as Chastelard in "Marie Stuart" at the Princess' theatre in 1874, and subsequently supported Samuel Phelps in Shakespeare, becoming a pupil and protégé of that fine old tragedian, of whom Forbes-Robertson always speaks in terms of the highest praise and warmest appreciation, both as regards his fine work and sympathetic personality. In 1879 Forbes-Robertson made his first appearance at the old Lyceum as the original Sir Horace Welby in "Forget-me-Not," and played with the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales' ("The Dust-hole," as it was commonly known), proceeding with them to the Haymarket in 1880. He appeared with Madame Modjeska—as Romeo to his first Juliet, and other leading parts—in 1880 and 1881 at the Court, and a year later joined Irving as Claudio in "Much Ado About Nothing," returning to the Bancrofts and playing leading parts with them for the next two years. Then came his notable association with Mary Anderson, with whom he played in America, and achieved fame in

her production of "The Winter's Tale," at the Lyceum on their return to London, for which play he also designed the dresses and appointments.

In 1889 he joined John Hare for Dunstan Renshaw in "The Profligate," Baron Scarpia in "La Tosca," and he also appeared in Pinero's "Lady Bountiful."

Another American tour followed, after which he rejoined Irving for his (Forbes-Robertson's) famous portrayal of Buckingham in "Henry VIII.," and at that time came into close personal touch with George Meredith and other distinguished people, with whom, indeed, he has been associated throughout his brilliant career. Of Swinburne, as a boy, he has many interesting reminiscences, and it is interesting to recall that Rossetti was one of the famous coterie amongst whom he spent his youth, while Forbes-Robertson was the original of "Love" in that wonderful and well-known painting of "Dante's Love Kissing Beatrice," of which so many copies are still to be seen, and the original of which now hangs in the Liverpool Art Gallery.

No one probably on the English-speaking stage has had a broader association with the famous men, and especially the most distinguished painters, poets and litterateurs of yesterday and to-day than Forbes-Robertson. He early became associated with Rossetti, Burne-Jones and the rest of that famous Victorian group in England, while his own poetic tendencies also brought him into contact with many brilliant brothers of the pen. The apparent and tragic suicide of John Davidson was one of the sensations of the last London season, and mention of the latter recalls a good story of the poet who disappeared so mysteriously some months ago and has never been heard of since. "We were once rehearsing his beautiful play, 'For the Crows,'" said Forbes-Robertson, not long ago, "and Davidson was leaning against the proscenium engrosed. Presently a well-dressed actor came on the scene wav-

ing his arms like a windmill. Davidson edged up quietly to me and said, 'I suppose that will be a verger well-known actor?' 'Yes,' I agreed. 'And I presume he will be in receipt of a verger considerable honorarium?' I confessed he was right. 'Then, why does he wave his arms about in that

quent, having been in personal touch with the great writer twenty years ago. He often threatened to write a play, but never did so. Once, meeting Robertson at the house of a friend, after seeing him as Buckingham in Henry VIII. at the Lyceum, and noticing his sunburnt appearance on his



BEHIND THE SCENES

FORBES-ROBERTSON MAKING HIS 100th ENTRANCE IN "THE FATHER OF THE TRULY PIOUS KID" IN NEW YORK. HE HAS JUST KNOCKED THE DOOR OVER 2,000 TIMES.

extraordinary manner?" inquired Davidson in his broad Scots accent, adding humorously, "If he did that in Picaresque he would render himself liable to be arrested?"

Of Meredith, too, on a later occasion, Forbes-Robertson waxed elo-

quent from a holiday, Meredith observed, "Here comes the browned Buckingham!"

Forbes-Robertson recalled another story of Meredith in connection with his old friend and fellow-actor, the late Arthur Cecil, who had been holi-



A SCENE IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK"

THE "PASSING" (FORBES-ROBERTSON) PERFORMS WITH "THE SLAVEY" (MISS MOLLY FRANKLIN)

day-making in Switzerland. Coming back to the hotel where the great writer was at work, Cecil went into ecstasies over the glorious mountain peaks. Meredith listened, silently, working for awhile, and then, looking up, rolled off ex-tempore the following lines:

"The sun shone high upon the crinkled
crag,
He clomb it: it left him scarce a rag:
With knees bucked blue and bleeding
nether bare,
He boasted he enjoyed the mountain
air."

The passing of Modjeska, too, elicited high encomiums on Forbes-Robertson's first Juliet, and the finest he had ever known. "She was certainly one of the greatest actresses of her generation," he said, "and worthy to rank with Duse and Desclée, while she was one of the most unselfish artists I have ever known." Modjeska's tri-

bute to Forbes-Robertson's genius, in her own reminiscences, is no less eloquent and pleasing.

To resume, Forbes-Robertson rejoined John Hare in 1893 for the famous revival of "Diplomacy" at the Garrick theatre, and returned to the Lyceum two years later to play Lancelot, with Irving in "King Arthur."

Then came his own regime at the old Lyceum, which added fresh lustre to that theatre and to the stage he has so long and honorably adorned. Forbes-Robertson opened the Lyceum under his own management in 1895 with "Romeo and Juliet," also producing the ill-starred "Michael and His Lost Angel" (probably the best play Henry Arthur Jones ever wrote), John Davidson's skilful translation of Francois Coppee's "Pier le Couronné," which Swinburne declined to adapt, Robertson

subsequently producing "Magda" for the first time in English, and reviving "The School for Scandal" with great success. Then came the crowning glory of Forbes-Robertson's career in his superb and sublime portrayal of "Hamlet," followed by a memorable "Macbeth," which afforded abundant evidence of his artistic versatility and power. He then toured the state theatres of Germany and Holland in these characters, to the great delight of those critical lovers of art.

In "Pelless and Melisande" and "The Moonlight Blossom" (Japanese) Forbes-Robertson added unending memories of that sublime sense of the poetic which has always characterized his work, while in the part of the priest in "The Sacrament of Judas" he gave expression to that rare asceticism and wonderful sympathy which no other actor on the English stage can be said to possess in anything approaching the same degree.

In 1900 he married that charming American actress, Gertrude Elliott, who has since been his companion in

so many of their greatest successes, including, in 1902, "Mice and Men" and "The Light that Failed"—two of the most interesting of modern plays, which found a fitting contrast in her sweet and winsome Desdemona and his powerful yet poetical embodiment of "Othello." They subsequently toured America for two seasons with success, and in 1905, after sundry revivals, again took to the road in England and America, where in 1906 was produced Shaw's brilliant play of "Caesar and Cleopatra," in which both achieved an equal meed of fame, Mr. Forbes-Robertson also appearing in "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" with all his old success, while Miss Gertrude Elliott revealed rare ability as Ophelia and Portia.

In 1908 Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson appeared in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" at the St. James' theatre, London, where the play ran for six months and subsequently enjoyed a very successful English tour. Since then it has achieved even greater success in America.

Almost Successful

The world is full of people who are almost successful. Here is a man who is almost a lawyer, but not quite; here is another who is almost a physician, but is neither a good druggist, a good surgeon, nor a good dispenser. Another man is almost a clergyman, or about half-way between a farmer, or a tradesman, and a clergyman. Another is almost a teacher, but not quite competent to take charge of a school or an academy. We meet, every day, people who are almost something, but just a little short of it.

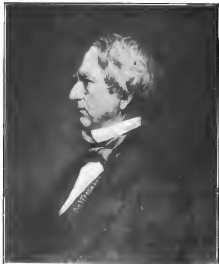
If these people undertake anything, they never quite finish it; they never

quite complete their courses at school; they never quite learn a trade or profession. They always manage to stop just short of success.

We encounter people everywhere who are almost happy, almost philosophical, almost religious, yet never belong to any class or sect. They never know just where they stand; they are not quite anything.

"Almost" is a dangerous word. It has tripped up many a man who might have been successful if he had had determination and grit enough to go on a little farther, to hold on a little longer.—*The Bank Record.*

Great American's Fifty-Year Old Prophecy About Canada.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD

Courtesy Harper and Bros.

FIFTY-THREE years ago, in the month of July, 1857, a small party of three Americans, consisting of a middle-aged gentleman, his son and his son's wife, landed in the City of Quebec, having journeyed thither by boat from Niagara. After a short stay in the quaint old city, they chartered a small fishing schooner,

with the odd name of "Emerence," and, having shipped a competent crew, set sail down the river for a month's pleasure cruise to the Gulf and Labrador.

The gentleman was the Hon. W. H. Seward, at that time one of the members of the Senate from the State of New York, destined in a few years

to become Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of State, and after his death, the exponent of his policy during the succeeding four years.

Even in 1857 Seward was a striking personality, not alone in his own country, but throughout the civilized world. He had not yet, it is true, made those famous journeys of his to the capitals of Europe and around the world, when, though holding no official position in the Government of his country, he was received by monarchs and ministers as an ambassador extraordinary, but it was only two years later that he visited England and was welcomed by Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright and other British statesmen, as the most notable American of the day.

The voyage to Labrador on the "Emerence" was typical of Seward. No public man of that period delighted so much as he did in travel and in the opportunities of observation which travel afforded, and in his journeyings he always adopted the mode of conveyance best calculated to enable him to understand the country which he was visiting. Social and political questions everywhere interested him keenly and, while he was first and foremost an American politician, he had eyes and ears and tastes for almost everything.

From July 31 to August 27, while aboard the schooner, Mr. Seward kept what he jokingly called "The Log of the Emerence," a most entertaining diary, intended merely for the eyes of the members of the family, including Mrs. Seward, who were left at home at Auburn, but which, after earnest solicitation on the part of the editor, he permitted to appear in the New York Tribune.

Towards the end of the log, when nearing home, Mr. Seward took the opportunity to refer seriously to Canada, and his words, written on the deck of the Emerence, "ten watches of the day and night—since we left Anticosti," and fifty-three years ago, are in reality the occasion for this short article, for they are full of sig-

nificance at the present time, when relations between Canada and the United States have been the subject of so much discussion.

In weighing them it is well to remember that Seward was unrivalled in his day and generation in his genius for politics, and the wide range of his abilities. As his biographer says, "He was not the father of the Republican party, but he, more than any other, was its master. He was not the first of the Anti-slavery champions, but of the great anti-slavery north he was the directing intellect." The man, who as Secretary of State under Lincoln and Johnson, filled a post somewhat analogous to Canada's Premier, can only be listened to with confidence and respect.

"Hitherto, in common with most of my countrymen, as I suppose, I have thought Canada, or to speak more accurately, British America, a mere strip lying north of the United States, easily detachable from the parent state, but incapable of sustaining itself, and therefore ultimately, nay, right soon, to be taken in by the Federal Union, without materially changing or affecting its own condition or development, I have dropped the opinion as a national conceit. I see in the British North America, stretching as it does across the continent from the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland to the Pacific, and occupying a considerable belt of the Temperate Zone, traversed equally with the United States by the lakes, and enjoying the magnificent shores of the St. Lawrence, with its thousands of islands in the river and gulf—a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire. In its wheatfields in the west, its broad ranges of the chase at the north, its inexhaustible lumber lands—the most extensive now remaining on the globe—its valuable fisheries and its yet undisturbed mineral deposits. I see the elements of wealth. I find its inhabitants vigorous, hardy, energetic, perfected by the Protestant religion and British constitutional

liberty. I find them jealous of the United States and of Great Britain, as they ought to be; and therefore when I look at their extent and resources, I know they can neither be conquered by the former nor permanently held by the latter. They will be independent, as they are already self sustaining. Having happily escaped the curse of slavery, they will never submit themselves to the domination of slaveholders, which prevails in and determines the character of the United States. They will be a Russia behind the United States, which to them will be France and England. But they will be a Russia civilized and Protestant, and that will be a very different Russia from that which fills all southern Europe with terror, and by reason of that superiority they will be the more terrible to the dwellers in the southern latitudes.

"The policy of the United States is to propitiate and secure the alliance of Canada while it is yet young and inquisious of its future. But on the other hand the policy which the United States actually pursues is the infatuated one of rejecting and spurning vigorous, perennial and ever-growing Canada, while seeking to establish feeble states out of decaying Spanish provinces, on the coast and in the islands of the Gulf of Mexico.

"I shall not live to see it, but the man is already born who will see the United States mourn over its stupendous folly, which is only preparing the way for ultimate danger and downfall. All southern political stars must set, though many times they rise again with diminished splendor. But those which illuminate the pole remain for ever shining, forever increasing in splendor."

In the Kaiser's Workroom

The following is translated from a German newspaper:

In the workroom of the Kaiser are the following sentences, so arranged that he has them always before him when he is sitting at his desk:

Be strong in pain.

To wish for anything that is unattainable is worthless.

Be content with the day as it is; look for the good in everything.

Rejoice in nature and people, and take them as they are.

For a thousand bitter hours console yourself with one that is beautiful.

Give from your heart and mind always the best, even if you do not receive thanks. He who can learn and practise this is indeed a happy, free, and proud one; his life will always be

beautiful. He who is mistrusting wrongs others and harms himself.

It is our duty to believe every one to be good as long as we have not the proof to the contrary; the world is so large and we ourselves so small that everything cannot revolve around us.

If something damages us, hurts us, who can tell if that is not necessary to the welfare of creation?

In everything of this world, whether dead or alive, lives the mighty wise will of the Almighty and all-knowing Creator; we little people only lack the reason to comprehend it.

As everything is, so it has to be in this world, and, however it may be, should always seem good to the mind of the creature.

These sentences give one an insight into the thoughts of the Kaiser.

An American Advocate of Reciprocity



EUGENE N. FOSS

Photo, Channing

"It was the cause—Canadian reciprocity and tariff reform—that won, not I," said Eugene N. Foss, the newly elected congressman from the Fourteenth Congressional District of Massachusetts, after the whirlwind campaign of last month, which won for him an apparently hopeless constituency.

These words characterize the man. Canadian reciprocity has been his hobby for years and this alone occasioned his entry into politics. A business man of great ability, Mr. Foss is a director in many companies and the owner of several large plants. In the latter, he has no partners; he is the head and he alone is the guiding hand. He finds time to direct a half a dozen enterprises, any one of which would tax the capacity of an ordinary man.

Mr. Foss was born on a Vermont farm in 1858, but early turned his attention to business. He obtained a position as traveling salesman for a

lumber dryer and he must have been a good one for he attracted the attention of Mr. B. F. Sturtevant, of Boston, founder of the blower works, which Mr. Foss now conducts as owner. Within two years he was looking after the entire business of the big plant. He married Mr. Sturtevant's daughter and then began to branch out into other lines of business.

Originally a Republican, he separated from his party last year on the reciprocity question and in the fall ran for Lieutenant-Governor on the Democratic ticket. While he lost the election, he had the consolation of knowing that he had reduced the Republican plurality in the State from 96,000 to 6,000. In the congressional election of last month he had to overcome a majority of 14,000, but to the amazement of everybody he succeeded. His success has made him the biggest Democrat in the State and conjectures are rife as to his future.

Administering Law to Administering Finance



H. L. OSLER

WHEN the history of Canada at the present day is written a hundred years hence, it will be found that the name of Osler will be of frequent occurrence. Perhaps no family in the history of the country has stood out so prominently by virtue of the unusual and varied ability displayed by its members. It has given us a doctor of international fame, a lawyer of extraordinary capability, a parliamentarian of unimpeachable reputation, and a judge of distinguished record.

The decision of Judge Osler to leave the bench in order to accept the presidency of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation is an event which has attracted public attention of late. Judge Osler has sat continuously on the bench since 1879, having been appointed a Puisne Judge of the Common Pleas in that year, while in 1883 he became a Justice of Appeal. This long record of over thirty years is an unusual one and the severance of old relationships must mean a great deal

to one who has put his whole soul into his work, as Judge Osler has done.

Judge Osler possesses the distinction of being the head of the Osler family. He is the eldest son of the late Rev. F. L. Osler, and was born at Newmarket in 1838. Called to the bar in 1860, he practised his profession in Toronto at first in partnership with Messrs. Moss and Patton, and subsequently with Messrs. Harrison and Moss, both of whom attained the dignity of the bench.

It may be said without criticising the record of his associates in the Court of Appeal, that Judge Osler has been the man who did the bulk of the work in that court. Reliable, conscientious and energetic, he has handled the business of the court as no one else could have done. The province owes much to a man who has been so faithful to his trust, when on more than one occasion he could have taken his seat in the Supreme Court at Ottawa.

A Ninety-Seven Year Old Business Man



HENRY DEXTER

HENRY DEXTER, founder of the American News Co., celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday on March 14, and the way he marked the occasion was by working just a little longer than usual at his office in New York. According to reports, he worked twelve hours, which is undoubtedly a record for men of his age. To a friend Mr. Dexter said:—

"I see nothing wonderful in the fact that I have lived 20 years longer than most other men in my generation. I think it is due to plain, temperate living more than anything else. For an old fellow I am enjoying fairly good health, but I begin to feel I am getting old. The mistake most people make these days is in living too rapidly. The rich men are not satisfied with their riches, but always want to get more. Sometimes the newspapers speak of me as 'Millionaire Henry Dexter.' I am not a mil-

lionaire, and never expect to be. I quit Wall Street years ago, when I considered that I had made enough to live on comfortably. Since then I have traveled. If I had tied myself down to Wall Street to make more money, I should have missed all this."

Mr. Dexter was born at West Cambridge, Mass., and in 1836 went to New York. Here he went into the book and news business and in 1864 founded what is now known as the American News Company. This company has branches all over the world and is known in Canada as the Montreal News Company, and the Toronto News Company, handling the bulk of the magazine distribution business.

Mr. Dexter is a striking example of what a temperate, regular system of living can do for a man, bringing him thus within sight of the century mark, without impairing his faculties.

Indefatigable Historian of Canadian Affairs



J. CASTELL HOPKINS

AMONG the small group of men who take a deep personal interest in spreading the gospel of Imperialism, J. Castell Hopkins occupies a foremost place. This is due in large measure to a facility in writing, which has enabled him to place his views before a wide circle of readers. His name as an author is familiar in all parts of the Empire, for he has written many books on political and biographical themes.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Hopkins and know the zeal with which he has supported British connections, were naturally astonished at a statement which appeared in the March number of the *Busy Man's Magazine* to the effect that, owing to his having been born in the United States, he would not be entitled to the rights of a British subject outside the Dominion of Canada. For a moment it appeared almost ludicrous that so ardent a Britisher should be thus denounced by his country.

It transpires, however, that Mr. Hopkins is after all a British subject through and through and, in stating that he would not be recognized as such by British consuls in other parts of the world, this magazine made a mistake for which it owes an apology to him. While Mr. Hopkins had the misfortune (?) to be born in Iowa, the fact that both his parents were British subjects at the time, makes it quite clear that he, too, is a natural born British subject.

Mr. Hopkins' principal work at the present time consists in the compilation of his "Annual Review of Canadian Affairs," a most valuable collection of material bearing on all phases of national life. In this work he finds a congenial occupation and one which will be more and more appreciated as the years go by and as the need for such a summary and reference book increases.

Shatterer of the Coalition in South Africa



HON. J. X. MERRIMAN

CANADIANS will naturally take an interest in the working out of the new constitution which has been granted to the United States of South Africa. Conditions there bear some resemblance to conditions in the Dominion and there is a certain amount of curiosity as to whether the same satisfactory results will be achieved.

The intention was that the Federal Parliament, which the Prince of Wales will open in September, should begin its work under a ministry composed of the best of the men of both races and parties, with General Botha at its head. While this would have been unusual and possibly only of brief duration, it would have lent a picturesque atmosphere to the proceedings and have started the new Dominion off on its career with distinction and unanimity.

However, this idealistic plan is not to be carried out. The man who has

shattered it is the Right Hon. J. X. Merriman, Premier of Cape Colony, who has declared that a coalition is absolutely impossible.

Mr. Merriman, who has been Premier of Cape Colony since 1908, was born in Somersetshire, England, sixty-nine years ago, going out to South Africa at the early age of eight years. He entered politics for the first time in 1869, representing a constituency in the Parliament of Cape Colony. In 1890 he became Treasurer-General of the Cape Government, an office he held for three years. He was then appointed a member of the committee to investigate the Jameson Raid, and it was he that drew up the report of this committee. In 1898 he again took office as Treasurer-General. A man of strong personality, he is a dominant figure in South African politics, and will yet be heard from in the federal arena.

The Order of St. John of Jerusalem



INVESTITA OF KNIGHTS OF JERUSALEM AND KNIGHTS OF GRAVE

By Colonel G. Sterling Ryerson, M.D.

THE tendency of modern times is to scoff at orders and decorations, and knightly and kingly trappings, and to declare that all such gewgaws should be relegated to oblivion or to museums of antiquities. Demos is King, and his courtiers, suppliant and subservient creatures, would

make a mocking of all that is knightly and chivalrous. But chivalry is not quite dead in men's hearts and there is at least one ancient order of knighthood which is known by its works. Although founded eight centuries ago, A.D. 1048, the Order of St. John is still carrying on in a large

and imperial way the work of its founders. It is true that it no longer limits itself to the narrow confines of the Holy Land, but has spread over the four quarters of the globe, and is to be found busy in its work of mercy in every colony and dependency of the British Empire.

Founded by Peter Gerard as a religious fraternity at Jerusalem, at the time of the Crusaders, for the relief of the sick and needy who should visit the Holy Sepulchre, the Order of St. John was known as the Hospitalers. The brethren were bound by vows of charity, poverty and indissoluble brotherhood, and healed the sick, fed the needy, and exercised an unostentatious hospitality toward all. Sympathetic and religious people subscribed liberally to their funds and they thus became the Almoners of Europe—in deed, their patron saint was St. John Eleemon.

They were finally driven from Jerusalem, and it was in consequence of this that in self-defence the fraternity developed into a band of soldier-monks and warring-physicians. Space will not permit me to trace the history of the Order in detail, but suffice it to say, that driven from one stronghold to another by the Turks, they at length reached the Island of Malta, which was presented to them by the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, where they grew and prospered and became one of the richest and most powerful brotherhoods in the world; but, having no warlike duties, they lapsed into idleness and luxury, although they still adhered to the original idea of the founder of distributing charity and maintaining a great hospital at Valletta. The final disaster came when, through the treachery of Von Hompspech, Grand Master in 1798, the island was betrayed to Napoleon Bonaparte. It is gratifying to know that the price of the betrayal, \$40,000, was never paid, and Von Hompspech died in poverty and obscurity in 1805. The knights were banished, their property seized, and no more were they seen in

Malta, where they had ruled for 268 years. The island was captured from the French by the English in 1800 and remains in their possession to this day.

The order was divided into eight "langues," languages or national branches, of which the English was the sixth. This langue was suppressed in England at the time of the Reformation under Henry VIII. The knights were dispersed, but continued to hold communication with the chief lien at Malta. Its chief seat in England was the priory of St. John at Clerkenwell, which was destroyed. It was rebuilt in part, and the ancient Gate House, which still stands, and with its adjoining premises, is the seat of the Order, was completed in 1504.

The Order was revived in 1826 by Sir Robert Peel and other English gentlemen of position, and became increasingly active in works of mercy until in 1888 it received Royal recognition and a Royal charter of incorporation. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria became the Sovereign Head; H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Great Prior, and his son, the late Duke of Clarence, Sub-Prior. On the death of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII. became the head of the Order, and George, Prince of Wales, Great Prior. The grades of the Order are: knight of justice, knight of grace and esquire. The ladies are ladies of justice and of grace. There are also honorary associates and honorary serving sisters and brothers. The roll of the Order contains the names of the princes and princesses of the Royal House of England and many foreign princes, English and other noblemen, as well as those of men and women prominent in works of mercy and in society all over the Empire.

Among the knights of the Order in Canada are, Earl Grey, the Governor-General, Lord Strathcona, Sir Frederick Borden, Sir Thomas Shaugheesy, Colonel James Mason and others less well known. There are several esquires and honorary asso-

ciates. The badge of the Order is an eight-pointed cross, which is worn suspended from a black watered-silk ribbon. Knights wear a star in addition.

The St. John Ambulance Association was founded in 1877 by the Order of St. John, to continue the work of its founders, as indicated by its motto, "*Pro utilitate hominum*," and is its ambulance department.

Its objects are:

(a) The instruction of persons in rendering first aid in case of accidents or sudden illness, and in the transport of the sick and injured.

(b) The instruction of persons in the elementary principles and practice of nursing, and also of ventilation and sanitation, especially of a sick-room.

(c) The manufacture, and distribution by sale or presentation, of ambulance material, and the formation of ambulance depots in mines, factories, and other centres of industry and art.

(d) The organization of ambulance corps, invalid transport corps, and nursing corps.

(e) And generally, the promotion of instruction and carrying out works, for the relief of suffering of the sick and injured in peace and war, independently of class, nationality and denomination.

It must be clearly understood that the object of the association is not to rival, but to aid the medical man, and the subject matter of instruction given at the classes has been defined by the Medical Committee of the Ambulance Department, with the view of qualifying the pupil to adopt such measures as may be advantageous pending the doctor's arrival, or during the interval between his visits.

The course of instruction consists of five or more lectures in first aid to the injured, followed by an examination, for which certificates are issued to the successful pupils, and five or more lectures in nursing and home hygiene, followed by another examination for which certificates are also given. At the expiration of a year

a re-examination is held, and after another year a second re-examination, entitling the pupil to a medallion. The interest maintained by these re-examinations is witnessed by the issue of no less than 118,238 medallions. The number of certificates issued from St. John's Gate from 1877 to September 30, 1908, is 747,033, the classes being distributed over almost every colony and dependency of the Empire. It is hardly necessary to add that the records prove that thousands of lives have been saved and much needless suffering avoided by the elementary knowledge of medicine and surgery afforded by these courses of instruction.

The British Ophthalmic Hospital, at Jerusalem, a useful and important charity, is maintained at Jerusalem, the birthplace of the Order, almost entirely by the subscription of the members. It was founded in 1881, and is doing admirable work under the administration of Mr. Cant. F.R.C.S., among all classes, Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans. In 1908, 1,055 in-patients were admitted, 6,289 new cases seen, 30,469 consultations held (out-patients), 1,770 operations performed, and 619 anaesthetics given.

The St. John Ambulance Brigade is practically a second reserve for the Royal Army Medical Corps, and consists of companies of uniformed men trained in first aid and hospital nursing and drilled in field ambulance exercises and commanded by a chief commissioner. There were in 1908 17,608 officers and men in many divisions scattered over Great Britain and the colonies. In connection with the Brigade is a large corps of female nurses, who are uniformed and trained in their respective duties. It may be stated as an evidence of the importance of the work of the Brigade that during the Boer war, 2,048 trained men were sent to South Africa to supplement the work of the Royal Army Medical Corps, or to man volunteer hospitals; 68 of the men lost their lives during the campaign. In connection with the Brigade there is

also maintained the Royal Sick Berth Reserve, who perform at sea similar duties to those of the Brigade on land. Its strength is 631 officers and men.

There occur annually in the streets of London upward of 10,000 accidents, irrespective of the special occasions when great crowds gather. Until recently the usual mode of conveyance was a shutter, door, or the four-wheeled cab. None of the great hospitals were provided with ambulances; now, thanks to the Order of St. John, this has been changed. The Order maintains an invalid Transport Corps, wheeled ambulances, wheeled stretchers, and ambulance posts, where men are on duty night and day. I think sufficient has been said to justify the statement that the Order is living up to its motto, "*Pro utilitate hominum*." To be a member of the Order is not only a great honor, but a great responsibility.

The Canadian Centre was established by Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson, in 1894, Sir George Kirkpatrick becoming first president. On his death he was succeeded by Sir James Grant, and he again by Sir James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, Col. James Mason being vice-president. Sub-centres have been authorized in twenty-two cities and towns in five provinces of Canada.

There is now in Canada one division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade—at London, Ontario. Upwards of 5,000 persons have taken the course of instruction in first aid, home nursing, and many thousands of text books have been sold. The head office is now at Ottawa. His Excellency the Governor-General having kindly consented to act as patron. The president is Dr. Montizambert, Director General of Public Health.



THE KNIGHT AS A KNIGHT
OF ST. JOHN
From the Statue by Wolf



IN the west there are always a goodly number of people waiting for the railroad. There is the speculator who is holding land for the rise in value which will follow the laying of the shafts of steel. There is the business man who is looking for a location, and who realizes the benefits to be derived from getting in on the ground floor in a new town. There is the settler, who is weary of hauling his grain forty or fifty miles to a railroad, and who watches the nearest local paper week by week for news of proposed construction.

The railroad is the backbone of the west. It has made it what it is; it will yet make it what it is to be. The Hon. Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, said recently that it seemed to be impossible to build up a settlement or a community away from good transportation facilities. He was right. The time was when such was not the case. In the years back in the past settlers were willing to locate a long way from civilization, and would hew out a home in the wilderness; but that day has passed. The great cities offer too many allurements. The railroad is to-day a necessity.

The settler is the man who really does the waiting. He waits right on the ground; the others, like Peter, wait afar off. It is not necessary for a business man to go into a new district until a few days before the iron horse pulls in. The speculator may rest at ease in his far off home, while the railroad is coming, but not so—the settler. If

he is ever to have a homestead close to good transportation facilities he must locate years before the coming of the railroad. A crowd of anxious land hunters waited forty-two hours outside the Edmonton land office for their turn to file on land in the Saddle Lake country, the choicest locations of which were forty-two miles from a railroad. They knew that the land they were filing on was good; with the good land would come good crops; and with the good crops would come the railroad to carry them. The railroad man is always watching for more business—for a greater tonnage and larger passenger receipts.

A close student of western affairs remarked a short time ago that he would sooner have a homestead within forty miles of a railroad than one within twenty miles of a modern locomotive. His reason was a simple one. He contended that with a homestead forty miles from transportation there was a chance that some day the plough horses might be alarmed at the approach of a swift express, but that in the case of the one twenty miles away there was little likelihood of a railroad near for a long period of years. The country would have to be very thickly settled and the per acre production very high before a railroad company would thus attempt to gridiron the country with roads. There were too many new districts without railroads at all for this to be possible.

The average man takes his turn at guessing where the next new

line will be built. He keeps his ear to the ground, smiles blandly at all the politicians supposed to be in the know, gets all the tips he can, and then sitting out the information thus gathered he draws his own conclusions, makes his guess, and plants his stakes.

Very often he makes a rather shrewd guess, but there are a number of instances on record where the locators were several hundred miles astray. At the time the main line of the Canadian Pacific was built, there were a number of very poor guessers. Before it was definitely decided that the road would be built through the Kicking Horse Pass, there were many who thought the route would be through the Yellow Head Pass, much further north. They made their calculations accordingly. In one instance a number of ambitious prospectors and land seekers located land and mineral in the path of the proposed route. As soon as they found how wide of the mark their guess had been they trekked out in disgust. Perhaps some homesteader along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific or the Canadian Northern may find the ruins of the cabins they erected.

Others occupied themselves with guesses as to where the coast ter-

restrial would be. Some said Vancouver, but there were not a few who pinned their faith to Port Moody. One eastern capitalist looking for an investment came out and after looking over the situation went strong on Port Moody. He bought all he could. When the announcement was made that Vancouver would be the terminal he was a much disappointed man. He never fully recovered from the shock and—all because he was a poor guesser.

If all the proposed railroad lines for which charters have been secured had been constructed the map of Western Canada would look not unlike a spider's web. The prairie country would now be linked with Hudson's Bay. The Dawson miner, who has made a stake would be able to board the south bound express and take a berth for Edmonton. A conductor on a north bound train would be able to step on the platform at Winnipeg and holler, "All aboard for Edmonton and Fort McMurray." The resident of Kootenay who might desire to spend a few days in a city of metropolitan aspirations would have long since been taking in the best things supplied by Vancouver, instead of helping to make profit for Spokane. The men



"THERE WAS A CHANCE THAT SOME DAY THE PLOUGH HORSES MIGHT BE ALARMED BY THE APPROACH OF A FAST EXPRESS TRAIN."

who have the charters haven't the money. The men who have the money, and who turn to Western Canada as the scene of their operations in the railroad world very often find their projects are covered by some charter secured years before.

Almost ten years ago a number of "go ahead" westerners with more enterprise and ambition in their make-up than money in their jeans, secured a charter to build a road from Midway to Vernon. It was afterwards bonused by the Federal and Provincial Governments to the extent of eleven thousand four hundred dollars a mile. After five years of hard work the promoters made

B. C. Government were in doubt as to whether under the extension of time agreement they were liable for the amount of the bonus. Almost ten miles of grading had been done and the time was drawing near when the payment of the bonus on this portion would be due.

In some mysterious way, through a careless remark, it is presumed, a gentleman high up in banking circles received the information that the Government proposed to refuse to pay the bonus unless forced to do so by the judgment of the courts. Unfortunately this information reached the intelligence office of the New York concern, who were financ-

the courts some weeks later, a decision was handed down in favor of the holders of the charter. This decision, however, came too late to be of any assistance to the project as construction had ceased some three months previous.

A short time before the general election of 1908, advertisements signed by a local trust company appeared in all of the local papers, asking for a rendering of all accounts against the Midway & Vernon Railway Company. It stated, however, that no obligation for payment was assumed by the insertion of the advertisement. The trust company received many memorandums of the amounts owing, but the interested parties are still waiting for their money.

In July, 1909, a construction gang suddenly appeared on the scene west of Midway, and intimated that they had received instructions to begin work on the grade of the Midway & Vernon. Again the hopes of the various interested parties rose high, but again they were doomed to disappointment. It is estimated that in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars' worth of work was done, when the construction gang disappeared as quietly as they had come. The only information a patient public has been able to get with regard to the matter is that it was necessary for the company to do some work this year in order to hold the charter. It is intimated that next year construction will be commenced in earnest. In the meantime the development of a very rich district has been held back, and two enterprising young merchants, who eight years ago built a large store at Beaverdell, a point half way from Midway to Vernon, are still waiting—away out there in a wilderness rich with mineral—waiting as they have been for over eight years—for the railroad.

All over the west there are men living in mansions, who have made

fortunes in real estate, the enhanced values in city and town property being the direct result of the coming of the railroad. In Edmonton there are said to be over one hundred men who have each made from fifty thousand and upwards since the Alberta Express first plied in. Numerous other cities — Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and many others have been profitable fields of operation for the man with long nerve, who bought early or who staked his last dollar in covering options.

When the Calgary and Edmonton line was first built it stopped at Strathcona. William Mackenzie, whose contracting firm had built the road, went over to Edmonton and tried to persuade his friend, John McDougall, of fur trade fame, that staying with Edmonton was a forlorn hope. In vain he attempted to prove to him that it was almost useless to expect that any railroad would ever build across the river. The far-seeing fur trader thanked his friend, but intimated his intention of remaining in the place where for so many years he had made his home. Strangely enough, the railroad did come fourteen years later, and stranger still, it was built by the man who had said that a railroad would never be likely to build to Edmonton. The coming of the Canadian Northern lifted John McDougall into influence. He now lives in an imposing red brick mansion on a beautiful height of land overlooking the windings of the broad Saskatchewan.

When it was definitely decided that the Grand Trunk Pacific would build through northern British Columbia the attention of thousands of investors and land seekers was focussed upon this portion of our great western heritage. Prince Rupert, the terminal, held most of the honors, but there were not a few who plunged into the great interior. Hun-



"WAITED 41 HOURS OUTSIDE EDMONTON LAW OFFICE"

an arrangement with a New York company to finance the project. Construction was commenced and the prospectors and homesteaders in a rich mining and fruit-growing territory felt that the railroad which would give them the long looked for start was coming at last.

But trouble came soon. The original charter, which carried with it the bonus from the Provincial Government, had run out. It had been extended as far as construction was concerned, but the members of the

ing the road. They backed down and construction was stopped immediately. The wages of the railroad gangs had not been paid. Merchants who had supplied contractors with provisions and other equipment had to jot down some pretty stiff figures on their books. That was in the fall of 1905, and neither men nor merchants have been paid yet.

When the matter of whether or not the Government was liable for the amount of the bonus came up in



"WILLIAM MACKENZIE TALKED TO FRANCIS HUN FRANK JOHN McDONNELL THAT
STAYING WITH HONESTY WAS A FOREIGN RIFE."

dreds of mineral locations were made in the rich Telkwa country. Further inland the agriculturist found a new Eden in the Nechaco Valley. Thousands of acres of land were staked. In view of the possibilities of this great interior the eyes of speculators were drawn to Fort George, which lies in the centre of the district. A Nelson syndicate surveyed a townsite not long since. When the time is ripe they will be placed on the market.

How history does repeat itself! Barkerville had a boom in the old days, which made the Cariboo road look like a modern land rush. And again it is destined to be the highway that will be the path of profit-hunting pilgrims rushing—ever northward—sixty miles past Barkerville to Fort George.

The lure of Fort George has been great enough to draw John Houston from Prince Rupert. He will have a paper running in Fort George as soon as he can get his presses in. But there is nothing strange about this veteran editor hitting the trail for a new location. He quit writing editorials in Nelson over four years ago, and in the interim is said to have made two fortunes—one in Nevada and the other in Prince Rupert. The wanderings of John Houston would make a story in themselves. We must leave him. In the meantime he will be found

with the trail blazers of Fort George—waiting for the roar of the locomotive to come and tell them that once more in the conquest of the west the van of civilization has come.

Over ten years ago it was announced that a railroad would be built from Golden down through the Windermere country and connecting with the Crow's Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific. Immediately the "waiting-for-the-railroad-people" began to get busy. The little town of Fort Steele rose up in a few months. It expected to be on the new line. The line was not built then, nor is it built yet. The latest report is that it will be built next year. Who knows? But disquieting news has come to the residents of Fort Steele. It is rumored that it may be side-tracked a few miles when the line is built. If this be so—what luck? Ten years waiting and given the "mitten" in the end.

At Fairmount Springs, a short distance south of Windermere, an energetic rancher has had fruit trees bearing for over a dozen years. He located in the early days, when a railroad to the valley was first suggested. Perhaps he won't smile a little, when some day on in the future the whistle of the locomotive will bid him look up as he picks the big red apple. But what a weary job it is—waiting for the railroad!

Perhaps no district in Canada has suffered more because of a lack of transportation facilities than the district which will be served by the proposed Coast-Kootenay extension of the Canadian Pacific. This has been a proposed line for upwards of ten years. During that time millions of dollars in trade have gone to American centres, which might have been diverted to Vancouver, had this line been in operation. The great smelters of the Boundary country look eagerly for the time when the construction of this line will bring them into touch with the great coal areas of the Similkameen and thus provide competition in the coke business. The fruit growers, some of them who have been growing fruit for a quarter of a century—one orchard near Keremeos is quite this old—will have a means of marketing their fruit without making use of freight wagons and pack horses.

Yes, there are a large number of people in southern British Columbia who are eagerly waiting for the construction of this much needed line. When that day comes this great southern country will boast a string of smelters from Fernie to Princeton. The conductor will be able to board his train and run from one end to the other without ever being very long out of sight of a fruit

ranch. The great timber areas will disappear before the axe of the woodsman, and the stumps will follow suit when the settlers come along with a stump puller and dynamite. "It is ten years, Mr. Railroad Man, since you proposed," say the old residents. "We accepted you on the spot. Is not a ten-year engagement long enough? We want to see the dirt fly and the grade rising. How much longer must we wait?"

There are not a few evidences that the waiting days are passing. The time was when the railroad man hesitated because he feared a new branch line would not pay. But heavy tonnage and increased earnings have given a new impetus to construction. Several American railroad kings have their eyes on the railroad opportunities of the west. Four big systems are heading for the coal region of the Crow's Nest in order that they may be in touch with an abundant fuel supply. And so they are coming. But in the meantime, there are here a few and there a few waiting; speculator, settler, business man—all waiting; some patiently, more impatiently—but all with their eyes ready to soften at the appearance of "the final-location-survey-party"—the forerunner of the iron horse.



Important Articles of the Month

King Edward in England's Crisis

W. T. Stead contributes to the Review of Reviews (American) an entertaining article on King Edward's position during the present time of political stress in England. Mr. Stead observes that in Europe there has been a great renaissance of the monarchical idea during the last half-century.

The modern constitutional sovereign, whose power is rigidly circumscribed by usage and by statute, is invested by his position with such opportunities for influence as to make him, at such times as the present, far and away the most important person in the state.

When any constitutional crisis comes to a head in Great Britain, King Edward is the master of the situation.

He is our Sovereign Lord the King, master of all the powers and all the positions. The supreme power has come to him. It is probably a great bore to him. It is a great burden and a great responsibility, but although he rapidly confides himself within the straight and narrow limits laid down for the conduct of a constitutional king, he dominates the situation. It is a curious outcome of a series of successive reform bills, each of which was declared in its turn to have surrendered everything to the revolution and to have sacrificed our ancient monarchy to radical democracy, that eighty years after the introduction of the first Reform Act the sovereign is more influential in a moment of crisis than any of his predecessors.

In the present case, no matter what the popular majority might have been against the Peers, nothing could be done save through the action of the King. In ordinary matters, the mon-

arch acts on the advice of his constitutional advisers.

But on extraordinary occasions when the Prime Minister advises an exercise of the royal prerogative which in the King's judgment may endanger the throne and imperil the constitution of the realm, it may be the King's duty to accept the resignation of his ministers rather than to act upon their advice. It is in these rare but supreme moments that the King must act on his own judgment under the sense of his own responsibility.

Mr. Stead considers the argument of those who say that the King is merely an automaton and must act either on advice of his ministers or on the popular opinion of the nation, as shown by the election returns.

The King, rightly or wrongly, does not consider that he would be obeying either the letter or the spirit of the constitution if he were to abdicate his right of personal intervention between the warring houses. He is bound to act on his own judgment wherever his ministers advise him to act in a manner contrary to usage to effect a revolutionary change in the constitution. He may decide to act on their counsels or to reject their advice. But the responsibility of acceptance or rejection in that case rests upon him, with force undiminished by the use and word which has destroyed his responsibility for assenting to acts of Parliament, a function which has become purely automatic.

Taking up the proposal that the King should create four or five hundred new peers in order to swamp the House of Lords, Mr. Stead says

that the King might object to do this because of the insecurity of the Government's majority in the Commons.

But suppose the King waives that objection, and secures a coalition majority of 134 as if it were equivalent to a Liberal majority of the same strength, what will be the next difficulty? Mr. Asquith has declared that the subordination of the Lords to the Commons must be effected by statute. That is to say, there must be a bill. The bill must be drafted, it must be passed through the Commons, and it must then be presented for acceptance to the House of Lords. If all matters have arrived at the final stage it is unnecessary to ask the King what he will do. It is obvious that either in the drafting of the bill or in its passage through the House of Commons difficulties might arise which would render it unnecessary to consider its future fate. The King might fairly say, "I cannot give you a blank check. You cannot ask me to advance to you a bill that you may thereafter choose to draft down the throats of the Lords. Make up your own minds as to what you want before you ask me for assurance as to what I shall do."

The King, like all men, is his position. He hesitates a long time when asked to take any step for which he can find no precedent in the records of the monarchy. This is natural and right. It may be

that Queen Victoria was too nervous in this respect. If she had not insisted upon exercising her royal prerogative to make life Peers in the Woolsleydale case she might have cleared the way for a tolerable solution of the present crisis. But a small Tory majority of thirty-five blocked the way with their protest that life peerages were unprecedented, and the Crown gave way. The King might naturally shrink from taking a revolutionary new departure such as would be involved in the wholesale creation of Peers for swamping purposes. The same forces of obstruction that foiled the Crown in the life peerage question might be invoked against the admission of this enormous influx of Peers created for the purpose of swamping the hereditary chamber.

The King will loyally abide by constitutional usage. He will dutifully act upon the advice of his ministers until they tender such advice as in his judgment shakes his confidence in their judgment. In that case he will seek new advisers. But he will naturally strain every point in order to avoid such a breach with the only statesmen who have any chance of getting supplies through the House of Commons. He will avoid meeting trouble half-way. He will give no blank checks. He will wait till the crisis reaches a point necessitating his intervention before he will interfere or even say how he will interfere.

Ambassador Bryce's Eulogy of American Scenery

Ambassador Bryce has written for the Youth's Companion an article telling what he thinks about the scenery of the United States and Canada. After classifying the ways in which scenery arouses pleasurable emotions, he proceeds to illustrate his ideas by references to various parts of America. A lack of picturesqueness in the towns and cities of the east has struck him, but he sees signs of improvements everywhere. "The desire to beautify the village has begun to spread westward. Already one sees it at work in Ohio and Illinois, and the same is true of parts of Canada."

The shores of Lakes Huron and Superior impressed him, not because of anything striking in form, but because of their sense of immensity and mystery.

The northern coasts of these two great inland seas, and indeed some parts of the southern coasts also, are clad with primeval forests. The trees are seldom of great size, but the overall effect of the vast untouched stretches of woodland running out into promontories and scattered about in a multitude of islands is uniquely striking.

The finest point on these lake shores is Thunder Bay on Lake Superior. But a no less interesting impression of the sort of charm they have may be found

at the Straits of Mackinac, between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, where, from the top of a hill above the wharf where the steamers call, a view can be had over a wide expanse of sea studded with wooded isles, a view which gives a sense of the repose and tranquil sweetness of primitive nature, as she was when the first French adventurers penetrated these wilds in their trap canoes,

which speaks to the mind even more than to the eye.

Mr. Bryce considers the Canadian Rockies as more like the Alps than any other North American mountains, for they have plenty of snow-fields feeding long glaciers. Their forests are, indeed, far grander than those of the Alps.

Cost of Living to Railways

Edward W. Harden produces in the Outlook some facts and figures to show that the big railway corporations are in an even worse predicament than an ordinary wage-earner in these days of increased cost of living.

Yet it is proved by an abundance of quite unimpeachable evidence that, whereas the only variation worth mentioning in the general level of railway compensation for the last two decades has been downward, the railways have not only had to come to the rescue of their own employes with repeated increases of wages, but have had to bear, through the increased cost of materials and supplies of all kinds, a large proportion of the related increase in the market price of labor in all the other industries. Nor is this all. The owner of timber lands has advanced his prices for cross-ties, car siding, and bridge timbers out of all proportion to the higher cost of the labor entering into their production; the owner of iron in the ground and of every other raw material of which railways are made and maintained has done the same.

Approximately seventy per cent. of all moneys received by railway corporations go to pay wages, to purchase supplies, for repairs, for maintenance of the right of way and for the many items comprised in the term operating expenses. Out of the balance is paid the interest on the funded debt, which must be met if the road is to continue solvent, and the dividends.

After going into some figures to show that such increases have been

made in the cost of living of employes as to make a wage increase of seventeen per cent. three years ago practically ineffective, Mr. Harden goes on to show how the other railway costs have gone up. The cost of materials and supplies, which absorbs thirty per cent., has gone up even more than wages.

In this same period the cost of locomotives has increased from a maximum of about \$12,500 to a maximum of about \$30,000, and the cost of freight cars, which the railways buy by the hundreds of thousands annually, and of which they destroy and retire about 100,000 annually, has increased from an average of \$740 or \$750 to well above \$1,000 each. Fortunately, the higher cost of motive power and rolling stock is partly offset by the greater efficiency and capacity of the latest types of equipment, and these two items alone would have involved variable disaster. Fuel, which plays so essential a part in the production of transportation, has not escaped the general trend of economic conditions, notwithstanding the constant efforts of the railway companies to develop their own coal supplies. In the year ended June 30, 1908, fuel alone cost the roads 7.74 per cent. of their gross earnings, against 5.51 per cent. in 1898. To put the same thing in another way, gross earnings increased 34.1 per cent. in the ten-year period, while the cost of fuel increased 174.3 per cent.

While I have no desire to raise a question about the advantages or disadvantages of the regulation of common carriers by the Federal and State Govern-

ments, it is an uncontrollable fact that the elaborate reports now required by the later-State Commerce Commission and the local authorities in a majority of the States have added enormous sums to the permanent cost of operation, to say nothing of the expense of legal representation and the submission of evidence in the investigation of railway affairs by almost innumerable Governmental agencies. More or less connected with the increasing tendency to make the railway a political issue is the increase in railway taxation during the past decade. In 1909 taxes absorbed 3.7 per cent. of the aggregate gross earnings whereas in 1899 they represented 3.5 per cent.

In another method of comparison, gross earnings and taxes can be stated on a "per mile" basis, as follows:

| Fiscal Year | Gross Earn. | Taxes Per Mile |
|-----------------------|-------------|----------------|
| 1909 | \$10,704 | \$382 |
| 1899 | 7,604 | 248 |
| Increase | \$ 3,790 | \$136 |
| Per cent. of increase | 55.8 | 55.3 |

Thus taxation has more than kept pace with the gross volume of business transacted, remarkable as the expansion of railway traffic has been in the decade under review. To this increasing burden

of local taxation the Federal Government, assuming that the new corporation tax law is upheld by the courts, is about to add an inconsiderable weight.

Not to multiply details, it may be said in brief, of the cost of new capital that the average interest rate on railway bonds has shown a moderate but steadily defined upward tendency in the past ten years, and that the opinion of the most competent judges is that this tendency will continue in the immediate future. Fastest on money imperatively required to keep the railways abreast of the demands upon them, of course, he included in what it costs the railways to live.

No one who gives the subject serious study can avoid the conclusion that the railways of the United States have been affected by the increased cost of living to quite as great an extent as has any individual, and, moreover, that they are subject to a variety of influences tending to increase the current cost of their existence which do not affect the individual. In another article I propose to take up the bearing of this great aggregate increase upon the question of freight rates, and to consider whether the country can afford to compel the owners of its vast transportation lines to be content with a constantly narrowing margin of profit.

Killing the Germs in Water

The method of preparing water for drinking purposes by killing the germs instead of attempting to remove them is now advocated by an increasing number of hygienists. Practically this means treatment with ozone or some similar agent instead of using filters. It is stated by the Engineering Magazine (New York, March) that the employment of electrical ozonizers in Europe for sterilization of drinking water continues steadily to increase. Paris, we are told, has installed apparatus with a capacity of 10,000,000 gallons a day, and Nice treats 5,000,000 gallons a day. The latest addition to the list of cities employing this method of water purification is St. Petersburg. In a comprehensive discussion of the

place of ozone in sanitation Mr. A. Mabile, writing in The Electrical Review, connects the sterilizing action of this variant form of oxygen with its radioactivity, which is marked. We quote as follows from an abstract of Mabile's article in the magazine first named above:

A small domestic apparatus is now on the market, in which the air is sucked through the ozonizer by means of an emulser first on the outlet of the water-tap, this emulser serving the double purpose of an air-pump and ozone-mixer. This apparatus will treat 60 gallons of water per hour. . . . Using a small apparatus of this description, Mr. Neisser found that, with water at a pressure of 30 pounds per square inch, the number of germs was reduced from 43,000 to 2 per cubic centimeter.

In the ozone apparatus, the germs are actually killed, whereas in the ordinary mechanical type of filter they are merely held back by the filtering medium, which in time is liable to become foul and act as an actual breeding-place for the microbes. Carbon filters are particularly faulty in this respect, it being essential frequently to sterilize the carbon blocks by heating them—a process that is tedious and is generally neglected by the ordinary householder. Hence these filters are a positive danger to themselves. Ozone possesses both taste and smell, and is thus distinct from oxygen, which has neither. However, the flow of water treated with ozone is not at all impaired; indeed, the added oxygen appears to give the water a distinctly refreshing taste.

Besides its use in sterilizing drinking water, ozone is likely to be of great help as a disinfectant in the prevention of zymotic diseases. The pathogenic or disease-producing bacteria appear quite unable to survive the poisoning action of ozone, while, according to Dr. Koch's experiments, sporeless bacilli are killed only after five minutes' treatment by a 5 per cent. solution of carbonic acid, and are not even injured by a 1 per cent. solution. Spore-bearing bacilli will resist a temperature of over 212 degrees Fahr. To quote again:

Clearly, therefore, there should be a feed for ozone for the flushing and disin-

festing of sewers and house-drains, especially in view of the fact that ozone destroys sulfuretted hydrogen, and would thus probably be far more effective in dealing with the gas from sewer-ventilation pipes than the present method of burning the gas by the use of special gas-lamps.

Air-ozoneizers have already been extensively used for hospital and sick-room disinfecting, but the use of any form of ozone for sewer work has up to the present not been tried. While sea air contains from 8 to 5 per cent. of ozone, the percentage of ozone in sick-room air is, as a rule, very minute indeed, hence the use of air-ozoneizers for hospitals is a thoroughly considerable favor. The Lancet, in May last, advocated the use of the stem drinking-glass, owing to the liability of the fingers to touch the brim of the ordinary tumbler; yet the same medical paper totally ignores the far greater risk of infectious disease being spread by reason of the absence of any attempt to sterilize the drinking-glasses used in public bars, restaurants, etc. A glass after being used by a person, possibly in the last stages of consumption, is washed in lake-warm water, frequently none too clean, and then used for the next customer without any thought as to whether the glass is germ-free or not.

Much consumption undoubtedly is spread in this way, and the matter is one which the manufacturers of ozone apparatus might find well worthy of close attention. Once the general public have their attention drawn to this point they will insist on the hospital and restaurant managers using suitable precautions.

was developed by our ancestors, is being lost by their degenerate descendants. "We are compelled to own that the human being is—in one particular at least—showing signs of not advancement, but of decay." Sir Frederick points out that typewriters destroy the use of fine calligraphy and sewing machines destroy fine sewing. In his own profession "surgery, as a pure handicraft, reached a point of perfection prior to these great changes, to which it does not now attain."

This is due not so much to the machine as to the introduction of anesthetics, which allows the surgeon to take time.

The simpler crafts are all disappearing. Spinning and weaving, for instance, have vanished and with them have vanished the nimble sensitiveness of the hands of thousands of men and women in this country. The knitting machine has destroyed the training of the hand supplied by the knitting needle. Embroidery has gone the same road. By the Heilmann embroidery machine one inartistic person can guide from 80 to 140 needles, working simultaneously. Lace-making tells the same story; even the shoemaker, who is an artist in his way, has gone the same road:

The old craftsman may mourn the loss of his finished steel, but he must be proud to think that even in the making of the uppers of a boot it needs some sixteen machines to do what was done by his two hands. A great press now cuts out the sole piece; heavy rollers take the place of the lapstone. Eyelet holes are fashioned at the rate of one hundred a minute. Buttonholes are made and finished by one machine, while the buttons are fastened on by another. A

final engine actually links together with a stitch the two boots of a finished pair. Here, then, as in the daintier art of glove-making, as there an irreparable loss in the use of the hands.

Needle-making used to be a fine handicraft, needing the deftest use of the fingers. Now needles are all made by machines:

With regard to pins, I need not say that one machine provides them, complete with heads and points, at the rate of about two hundred a minute. Wire enters the machine at one end and comes out as pins at the other. A still more ingenious apparatus sticks pins in formal rows into the paper. So here, again, there is no need of hands.

So it is with everything else. In carpentry, machines have almost superhuman powers. Paper-making and book-binding, as a means of hand culture, have practically ceased to exist. Wood-engraving and line-engraving have vanished, and with them have gone thousands of skilled artists. But it is not only in the finer uses of the hands that the machine is doing its devastating work. There are a

thousand and one machines which are taking the place of human muscles. Handicraftsmanship is not concerned with the steam saw or steam shovel, with the trench-excavating machine or the tree-feller, with the rock-drill or the pneumatic riveter. It only need be noted that these machines do not tend to improve the physical development of man.

We are evidently on the down grade, but Sir Frederick Treves says that it may be only for a period, and the decline is temporary. The loss is none the less great and regrettable.

Are We Losing the Use of Our Hands?

Sir Frederick Treves writes in the Nineteenth Century for March an extremely interesting article under the above heading. It is the latest, but by no means the last, pallinode sung over the gradual subjection of man to the machine. More and more the machine encroaches upon the domain of the human, and Sir Frederick Treves points out with much pathos the extent to which the supremacy of the machine is leading to the decadence of the race. That men have no longer many physical qualities which were

developed in the stress and strain of their savage life, he says, is admitted:

The man of to-day is inferior, in certain points, to the savage who made the flint implements. It is safe to assume that primitive man was keener of sight and hearing and swifter of foot than is the present inhabitant of these islands. He surely, too, possessed greater powers of endurance.

And the process of decadence is still going on. Sir Frederick Treves says the marvelous skill of the hand, which

We do not always learn from the mistakes of others, but we are always ready to profit by them. —*Jean Milne.*

Upton Sinclair's Prescription for Perfect Health.

The experiences of Upton Sinclair, the novelist, in securing what he terms perfect health, is narrated by him in the Contemporary Review, and while a good many people might hesitate to adopt the drastic remedy suggested by him, still his plan will be followed with interest. After having been brought up in a well-to-do family, in which good eating was regarded as a social grace and the principal interest in life, Mr. Sinclair was, at twenty, an active and fairly healthy young man. Then he wrote his first book and the severe strain of this work began to affect his health.

I went to see a physician, who gave me some red liquid, which marginally relieved the consequences of doing hard brain-work after eating. So I went on for a year or two more, and then I found that the artificially-digested food was not being eliminated from my system with sufficient regularity. So I went to another physician, who gave my malady another name, and gave me another medicine, and put off the time of reckoning a little while longer.

I have never in my life used tea or coffee, alcohol or tobacco; but for seven or eight years I worked under heavy pressure all the time, and ate very irregularly, and ate unwholesome food. So I began to have heart trouble, and, in a while, and to notice that I was abnormally sensitive to colds. I considered these maladies natural to mortals, and I would always attribute them to some specific accident, or to some cause. "I've been knocking about down town all day"; or, "I was out in the hot sun"; or, "I lay on the damp ground." I found that if I sat in a draught, for even a minute I was certain to "catch cold." I found also that I had sore throat and tonsillitis once or twice every winter; also, now and then, the grippe. There were times when I did not sleep well; and as all this got worse, I would have to drop all my work and try to rest. The first time I did this a week or two was sufficient; but later on a month or two was necessary, and then several months.

The year I wrote "The Jungle" I had my first summer cold. It was baying time on a farm, and I thought it was a kind of bay-lever. I would sneeze for

hours in perfect torment, and this lasted for a month, until I went away to the sea-shore. This happened again the next summer, and also another very painful experience, a nerve in a tooth died, and I had to wait three days for the pain to "localize," and then had the tooth drilled out, and staggered home, and was ill in bed for a week with a cold, a fever, and many other terrible headaches. I mention all these unpleasant details so that the reader may understand the state of wretchedness to which I had come. At the same time, also, I had a great deal of distressing illness in my family; my wife seldom had a week without suffering, and my little boy had pneumonia one winter, and croup the next, and whooping-cough in the summer, with the inevitable "colds" scattered in between.

After the Helicon Hall fire I realized that I was in a bad way, and for the two years following I gave a good part of my time to trying to find out how to preserve my health. I went to Batle Creek and to Bermuda, and to the Adirondacks; and I read the books of all the new investigators of the subject of hygiene, and tried out their theories religiously.

It was Horace Fletcher, who first set him on the path to better health, but it was not Fletcherism which cured him. Fletcher told him that Nature would be his guide and that if only he masticated thoroughly, instinct would select the foods. But unfortunately his "nature" was hopelessly perverted and he preferred unwholesome foods.

I next read the books of Metchnikoff and Chatterjee, who showed me just how my ailments came to be. The accumulated food bits in the colon, and bacteria swarm in it, and the poisons they produce are absorbed into the system. I had bacteriological examinations made in my own case, and I found that when I was feeling well the number of these toxin-producing germs was about six billions to the ounce of intestinal contents; and when, a few days later, I had a headache, the number was a hundred and twenty billions. I was very much troubled under the microscope, so to speak.

These tests were made at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where I went for a

long stay. I tried their system of water cure, which I found a wonderful stimulant to the assimilative organs; but I discovered that, like all other stimulants, it leaves you in the end just where you were. My health was improved at the sanitarium, but a week after I left I was down with the grippe again.

I gave the next year of my life to trying to restore my health. I spent the winter in Bermuda and the summer in the Adirondacks, both of them famous health resorts, and during the entire time I lived an absolutely hygienic life. I did not work hard, and did not worry, and I did not think about my health except when I had to. I lived in the open air all the time, and gave most of the day to vigorous exercises—tennis, walking, boating and swimming. I mention this incidentally, so that the reader may perceive that I had eliminated all other factors of ill-health, and appropriate to the full my statement that at the end of the year's time my general health was worse than ever before.

I was all right so long as I played tennis all day or climbed mountains. The trouble came when I settled down to do brain-work. And from this I saw perfectly clearly that I was over-eating; there was surplus food to be burned up, and when it was not burned up it poisoned me. But how was I to stop when I was hungry? I tried giving up all the things I liked and of which I ate most; but that did no good, because I had such a complacent appetite—I would immediately take to liking the other things! I thought that I had an abnormal appetite, the result of my early training, but how was I ever to get rid of it?

I must not give the impression that I was a conspicuously hearty eater. On the contrary, I ate far less than most people eat. But that was no consolation to me. I had wrecked myself by years of overwork, and so I was more sensitive. The other people were going to pieces by slow stages, I could see; but I was already in pieces.

Then came the cure. He chanced to meet a lady, who had been a bed-ridden invalid for ten or fifteen years, but at the time was enjoying the best of health.

She had cured herself by a fast. She had abstained from food for eight days, and all her troubles had fallen from her. Afterward she had taken her eldest son, a senior at Stanford, and another friend of his, and fasted twelve days with them, and cured them of nervous dyspepsia. And then she had

taken a woman friend, the wife of a Stanford professor, and cured her of rheumatism by a week's fast. I had heard of the fasting cure, but this was the first time I had met with it. I was then so burdened with work to try it just then, but I began to read up on the subject—the books of Dr. Devey, Dr. Hazzard and Dr. Carrington, and more especially those of Dr. Edward Macfadden, who had come from California. I got a sunstroke on the Gulf of Mexico, and spent a week in hospital at Key West, and that seemed to give the coup de grace to my long-enduring stomach. Another April I tried hard work. I found myself unable to digest corn-meal mush and milk, and so I was ready for a fast.

I began. The fast has become a commonplace to me now; but I will assume that it is as new and as startling to the reader as it was to myself at first, and will describe my sensations at length.

I was very hungry for the first day—the average man does not realize how hungry that all dyspeptics know. I had a little hunger the second morning, and thereafter, to my very great astonishment, no hunger whatever—no more interest in food than if I had never known the taste of it. Previous to the fast I had had a headache every day for two or three weeks. It lasted through the first day and then disappeared—never to return. I felt very weak the second day, and all the dizziness arising from the sunstroke went out of doors and lay in the sun all day, reading; and the same for the third and fourth days—in intense physical lassitude, but with great clearness of mind. After the fifth day I was eating strawberries, and walked a good deal, and I also began some writing. No phase of the experience surprised me more than the activity of my mind; I read and wrote more than I had done in the last year before.

During the first four days I lost fifteen pounds in weight—something which, I have since learned, was a sign of the extremely poor state of my tissues. Thereafter I lost only one pound a day, and that was a really unusual phenomenon. I slept well throughout the fast. About the middle of each day I would feel weak, but a massage and a cold shower would refresh me. Toward the end I began to find that in walking about I would grow tired in the legs, and as I did not wish to lie in bed I broke the fast after the twelfth day with some orange-juice.

I took the juice of a dozen oranges during the two days, and then went on the milk diet, as recommended by Macfadden. I took a glassful of warm milk every hour the first day, every three-quarters of an hour the next day, and

finally every half-hour—or eight quarts a day. This is, of course, much more than can be assimilated, but the balance serves to flush the system out. The tissues are bristled in nutriment, and an extraordinary recuperation is experienced. In my own case I gained four and a half pounds in one day—the third—and gained a total of thirty-two pounds in twenty-four days.

My sensations on this milk diet were almost as interesting as on the fast. In the first place, there was an extraordinary sense of peace and calm, as if every weary nerve in the body were purged like a cat under a stove, and there was the keenest activity of mind—I read and wrote incessantly. And, finally, there was a perfectly ravenous desire for physical work. In the old days I had walked long distances and climbed mountains, but always with reluctance and from a sense of compulsion. Now, after the cleaning-out of the fast, I would go into a gymnasium and do work which would literally have hurt me back in the old days. I did it with intense enjoyment, and with amazing results. The muscles fairly leaped out upon my body; I suddenly discovered the possibility of becoming an athlete. I had always been lean and dyspeptic-looking, with what my friends called a "spiritual" expression; I now became as round as a butter-ball, and so brown and rosy in the face that I was a joke to all who saw me.

The cure was perfect. He found that he could eat all kinds of food without ill-effects. He no longer had headaches. He was immune to colds.

The fast is to me the key to eternal youth, the secret of perfect and permanent health. I do not take anything in all the world for my knowledge of it. It is Nature's safety-valve, an automatic protection against disease. I do not venture to assert that I am proof against virulent diseases, such as smallpox or typhoid. I know one ardent physical culturist, a physician, who takes typhoid germs

at intervals in order to prove his immunity, but I should not care to do that far; it is enough for me to know that I am proof against all the common infections, which plague us, and against the "chronic" troubles. And I shall continue as just as now as I stand by my present resolve, which is to fast at the slightest hint of any symptom of ill-being—a cold or a headache, a feeling of depression, or a coated tongue, or a scratch on the finger which does not heal quickly.

Those who have made a study of the fast explain its miracles in the following way: Superfluous nutriment is taken into the system and ferments, and the body is filled with a greater quantity of poisonous matter than the organs of elimination can handle. The result is the clogging of these organs and of the blood-vessels—such is the meaning of headaches and rheumatism, arteriosclerosis, paralysis, apoplexy, Bright's disease, cirrhosis, etc. And by impairing the blood and lowering the vitality this same condition prepares the system for infection for "cold," "flu," "croup," "scarlet fever," "typhoid of the fevers." As soon as the fast begins, and the first hunger has been withstood, the secretions cease, and the whole assimilative system, which takes so much of the energies of the body, goes out of business. The body then begins a sort of house-cleaning, which must be helped by an enema and a bath daily, and, above all, by copious water-drinking. The tongue becomes coated, the breath and the perspiration offensive, and this continued until the diseased matter has been entirely cast out, when the tongue clears and hunger reasserts itself in unmistakable form.

The loss of weight during the fast is generally about a pound a day. The reason is used first, and after that the muscular tissue; true starvation begins only when the body has been reduced to the skeleton and the viscera. Fast of forty and fifty days are now quite common—I have known men who have taken them. The longest fast I have heard of is seventy-two days.

point and false hair, in shaving, in tableaux, charades and theatricals. With this text, a clever writer in *The Nation* has put together a most readable article, dealing with this strange

yearning in man to get away from himself and be something different.

The greatest and wisest furnish us with examples. From the prime of the world, princes have been transformed into toads and beasts so readily that their people hardly noticed the difference. We read that Augustus, once a year escaping from divinity and the kingship of the world, played the mendicant in rags upon the curbstones of the city. This week Paris has affected to ignore a Duke of Lancaster's most dignified designation. Last summer a member of Parliament announced his intention of visiting Switzerland incognito—a rare feat that surpassed the demands of absolute necessity. Why could not the excellent Dr. Jekyll be satisfied with one personality? Why did the Lord of Hurlingham ever suppose that anyone but the Royal Academy and a village maiden would take him for landscape painter? These are cases in which so praiseworthy a virtue as humility has tended almost to abasement in its dissatisfaction with self. Similarly among writers, the best as a man or as a captain, Carlyle, a German philosopher, George Sand as a woman.

There have been many such, and in various ways they have striven to confuse their identity. Few, indeed, have proved so successful as the Iron Mask, who attained to the distinction of being no one. But Charles V. submerged his glory in a monastery, and daily rehearsed his own obsequies till his name grew so great as to make a piteous performance. To the ox, to grow feathers as the bird, and he wet with the dew of Heaven might seem an unnatural thing, had not the King of Denmark recommended it by his example, and many thousands of belated men adopted that mode of life among Egyptian deserts and the pinnacles of meteoric cliffs. What shore is not strewn with the skeletons of Europe? What Pacific ocean is not haunted with the haunting shadows of a past? How many have risen on stepping-stones of their dead selves to different things! It is oblivion that must first be sought, and some have done this, like Varian, in an Adriatic boat; some, like Voltaire, in a plume from the galleys; some, like Monte Christo, in a shotted sack; some, like John Harrison, in a Thames mortuary; some, like the Silver King, in a railway accident, backed by the "Daily Telegraph"; some in the House of Lords.

In "The Foreign Legion," forming part of the French army and having its headquarters in Algeria, one of the

most interesting examples of self-obliviation is to be found on record. In some instances men are driven to it by general misbehaviour or trouble about a woman. For some it is the alternative of goal. To many it gives an opportunity to cut the line of life in half, to start fresh in their short race to the grave.

The Legionary's existence is almost uninterrupted toil on a halflenny a day, plus uniform, barrack sheds, and a minimum of food. Cleaning, drill, firing, road-making, and marching—that is his life. Above all, marching. On the route marches, simply for training and discipline, the Legion covers a minimum of 25 miles a day, carrying kit and rifle that come to 160 lbs. weight together, and that along sandy tracks under the African sun. The sick are arrested; stragglers are dragged over the ground behind carts; a legionary who slinks into the desert is sure to be butchered by Arab women with horrible mutilations. In barracks, too, the legionary, on the fifth day, when the wages of twopenny-halflenny secure a pint of wine and three ha'porth of tobacco. For the smallest offence, especially for losing a fragment of uniform, the punishments are intolerably severe, though the silk, or exposed pit, and the crapaudine, under which a man became a semi-circular bundle with legs and arms lashed together, were hardly used, have never been abolished. So life goes on from day to day, the original contract lasting five years; but at the end of that time the contract may be renewed for another five years, the man being a little increased with length of service, until after ten years have passed the Legionary may then retire on a pension of £30 a year, if Providence has granted him so long a life, which is, indeed, seldom. In nearly all cases, the last ailments have overwhelmed his body in unrecorded and before half the term has run.

Perpetually harassed and overstrained, exposed to unassailable insults, tormented by heat and thirst, brutalised by inevitable vices, the legionaries fall into a hysterical excitement or a brooding madness, both of which they call "caland." They hack off their fingers to avoid service, they drink absinthe in snails to induce fever, they leap insanely for months together, all at the risk of being sent as "Zephyrs" to the deadly treatment of the penal battalions. The staple of their conversation is the best way to desert, though desertion seldom succeeds, and failure means a hideous death in the desert or heavy penalties on recapture. Yet the Legion is always

The Art of Losing One's Identity

The desire to escape from one's identity is almost universal in mankind. If we do not actually run away from our surroundings, we at least delight in masks, in dressing up, in

point and false hair, in shaving, in tableaux, charades and theatricals. With this text, a clever writer in *The Nation* has put together a most readable article, dealing with this strange

full; it now averages over 10,000 men; the author estimates that more than 140,000 have entered its ranks since its establishment eight years ago. And, what is more remarkable, the legionnaires take an intense pride in the Legion's reputation for cleanliness, marching, music and behavior on the field. When the order for active service comes, the whole Legion is full of joy. Eleven times it has refused to obey the order for retreat in battle.

Deep down in the soul lurks the desire for the destruction of half itself, a demi-suicide, an obliterating initiation, a renewed infancy, a rebirth in maturity, a canceling of debts, a moral "nova tabula," a clean slate, if not a clean heart. For this object the Greeks celebrated their mysteries, scoured the neophant with bran, and bade him rise from the holy bath exclaiming, "Evil have I fled, to the better have I sped." When we describe

anyone as a new man, we always mean that he has altered for the better and not for the worse. In everybody's breast the hope is laid up that at any moment by a change of circumstances he may become a new man, having cut himself loose from the haunting associations that keep calling him back to the past and dog his footsteps with hateful reminders, like the barking Furies or the death-bounds of the Charity Organization Society. To leave all hampering impediments behind, to set out lightly burdened as a baby upon the remaining pilgrimage of grace, to start fresh, to flee away into the wilderness and be at rest, that is the hope even of the Foreign Legion's recruit—an elevating and consolatory hope, no matter how frequently the theoretic philanthropist may tell us it is disappointed.

A History of Ill-Gotten Gains

A book on gambling, entitled "Light Come, Light Go," by Ralph Nevill, has given a writer in the Saturday Review an opportunity to tell some interesting anecdotes about the fortunes of the gaming-table. The fact that "no one wins at gambling" is commented upon at the outset.

Even the famous Jack Mytton, whose commendable practice it was to smash all the gambling apparatus and thrash the proprietor of any club where he suspected foul play, and who is supposed to have won on the whole more than he lost, had endless disasters with his winnings. He had broken the banks of two well-known London bells on one occasion and was driving home with a large sum in notes. While counting these he went to sleep, and found on waking that several thousand pounds' worth of them had been blown out of the window. Decidedly a case, as Mr. Nevill says, of "light come, light go." But the Jack of Mytton had an advantage over most modern gamblers in that he was nearly always drunk when he played, and against a joyfully intoxicated gambler no bank

has a chance. I remember myself encountering a man who was just sober enough to pass the jaunters at Monte Carlo, who borrowed a louis from me and put it on a number, which of course turned up. He left the machine on the same number, which naturally turned up again. Then he sat down, and put £600 francs on the red, and sat there shaking his head tearfully at his stake while the red turned up eight times running. Having now won something over £2,000, he consented to depart: an example which, it is needless to add, was followed by the £2,000 in the course of the next day or two. An old crookier at Monte Carlo with a marvellous memory for faces told me once that he himself had never seen a big winner who kept his winnings for more than two years. One considerable winner, of whom Mr. Nevill tells, retired from the gambling world very much out of pocket because he paid his own losses, but professed and adhered strictly to a theory that "it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money." This was Elwes, the answer of the famous miser, and himself inclined to save money in numerous queer ways. One day at Newmarket he drove a friend over to the races, who, after a four

hours' drive and a good deal of business, began to hunt at the comforts of a good dinner. Elwes produced from his great-coat pocket a piece of old crushed pancake which he assured his friend was "as good as new," though it had been in his pocket for two months. The sainted father Elwes had, unobserved, lost Lord Abingdon £7,000 to save him from forfeiting a match which he had a chance of winning.

Other interesting stories are told, both by Mr. Nevill and the writer in the Saturday Review.

Casanova and d'Entragues once began a game of piquet for franc points, with the further understanding that the first man to rise from the table should lose 1,000 francs. The game began at three o'clock—one man asleep, at nine o'clock next morning the playtable drank some chocolate without stopping play; at four o'clock that afternoon they had some soup; throughout that evening and night the play went on steadily; at nine next morning d'Entragues was "so tired that he could hardly shuffle the cards, but declared that for his part he should not leave the table till either he or his opponent lay dead on the floor." On attempting to drink the next bowl of soup which was brought to him d'Entragues fell down in a faint, upon which Casanova "gave half a dozen louis to the croupier, who had been awake for forty-two consecutive hours, assuredly put the gold he had won in his pockets, and strolled out to a chemist's, where he bought a mild emetic." One's sympathy rather goes out in these circumstances to the croupiers and other officials, an army of whose wretched course, attached to every gaming house

Where hazard was played men were kept on the premises whose sole duty was to swallow the dice in case of a raid by the police. Altogether unemployment must have been rare in London in those days, for the world gambled about everywhere, from chess and tennis (at which a Mr. Damer lost 40,000 guineas and then shot himself) down to hazard, perhaps the most popular dice game the world has ever known. One famous devotee to it left an injunction in his will that his house should be made into dice and his skin laid covering for the boxes.

Stories of eccentric bets in the eighteenth century seem to be endless. Mr. Nevill has unearthed dozens which are at least new to me. "Old G" bet of a thousand guineas that he would produce a man who would eat more at a meal than anyone Sir John Lauder could find, and the judge's letter announcing the result: "I have no time to state particulars but merely to acquaint your grace that man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple-pie," is delightful. Another rather gruesome story is of an execution at the Old Bailey, when two men were being hung, and a young tobacco-wren a hundred guineas in a bet "that the shorter of the two would give the last kick." The Count de Buckeburg's ride from London to Edinburgh in four days with his face turned towards the horse's tail makes a good story, as does the wager of Lord Orford, an ancestor of the author's, that a drove of geese would beat a drove of turkeys in a race from Norwich to London. The race was won by keeping on the road at a steady pace, while the turkeys flew to roost over evening in the trees adjoining the road. I wish every success to Mr. Nevill's enchanting and entertaining stories about the habits of the same breed as these last winners.

A Man Who "Ran" a Town

Dexter, Iowa, is a little town with less than 1,000 inhabitants. Before J. W. Pilkington, of Des Moines, became its dictator, it was practically unknown. To-day it stands out from its neighbors as a bright and shining example of what can be accomplished, when business men get together and work out their salvation in a business way. The story of how Pilkington keyed up Dexter to this point is told by Robert Sloss in Harper's Weekly.

"What have you got for a town for?" Pilkington challenged fourteen representative merchants and bankers when they first gathered to meet him.

"To live in, of course," they replied. "What do you want to live in it for?" asked Pilkington.

"To make a living," they finally agreed.

"And," supplemented Pilkington, "just as good a living as you honestly can." The men had the kernel of Pilkington's philosophy of civic betterment. It was instinct with imagination, not wanting in logic; and Pilkington had the

naive and energy to try it out in Dexter. "Sign a contract with me," he urged the merchants. "Let me manage the stores of this town for seven months and I'll boast Dexter into such prosperity as she has never known before. Any additional expense involved by my management will be all mine; any increase in your business, or betterment to your town, will be all yours."

"What do you get out of it?" asked the Dexter merchants.

"Well, I want to prove a theory of mine, and increase my business, too. Hoisting is my business," said Pilkington.

Pilkington took charge on the first of last June. He opened an office and put a manager in charge, with several assistants. The manager was to write the advertisements for the Dexter storekeepers and plan their sales. He was also to direct the merchants in the buying of stock and arranging it. Daily reports of sales were to be furnished him. He also opened a school for salespeople and showed them the value of show windows.

Pilkington also got the merchants to agree that every Saturday should be bargain day, and that each should hold special sales of one or more lines of goods. He got each store to agree that if a customer came in from a point near or beyond one of the neighboring towns, his attention should be called before he left to the bargains offered in the other stores. Thus wherever he went the advantages of doing his trading in Dexter were impressed upon the visitor.

A local lodge took in an unusual number of new members one night. Before they could send to Des Moines for proper insignia, each initiate received a seal announcement from one of Dexter's jewelers that a fresh stock of pins, buttons, and buttons with high decoration was called to a big wedding about to come off in one of the prominent families. Fortwith he was helped to arrange a special display of articles appropriate for gifts, and about a hundred prospective wedding guests received engraved invitations to come down and look it over. Thus Pilkington taught the Dexter merchants to keep their eyes open for trade opportunities and to apportion these among themselves.

The meetings of the Dexter Commercial Club, which had been perfunctorily begun to assist in the work of Pilkington, was shown that had some new ways of manipulating self-interest

to the advantage of its members and to that of the town at large. "Why not offer three prizes each month for the best top's lawn in Dexter?" suggested Pilkington. The Club put up the money and the local paper announced the contest. There was a rush to the hardware store for lawn-mowers. Forty new ones were bought the first month. The helper in that store still grows meekly when he remembers how hard he had to work last summer sharpening all the lawn-mowers in Dexter. But the way the front yards in that town began to improve was little short of magical.

Then Pilkington started in to arrange for local celebrations. The Fourth of July had never been much of a day in Dexter. He made it memorable. 5,000 people were attracted into the town. Booster Day followed.

Pilkington had not reckoned without his host. Booster Day dawned, and the farmers began to drive in till every hitchhiking cart and horse-drawn and automobile was tied up. Teams to the number of 275 were counted in Dexter that day, right in midsummer, when ordinarily one could hardly get a man off the farm on any pretext because of the haying and harvesting. But that day you could get a fourteen-quart granite dishpan in Dexter for fifteen cents at the hardware store. Security stays for hard-wire fences were selling for half-price in the lumber-yard. The furniture man was selling rocking-chairs at a fifth off. At the drug-store hammocks were going at three-fourths of their regular price, and box stationery and talcum powder at half of theirs, while barn paint and blue-ink were selling for a mere one cent. Nearly every farmer's wife was coming about the street carrying a can of paint. The jeweler cleaned out his stock of gold watches early in the day and had to telephone to Des Moines for more watches carried down the afternoon trade. It was the biggest day for trade that Dexter had ever seen. Pilkington, of course, was there from Des Moines to watch the fun and be lauded to himself as he saw all the storekeepers' salespeople of Dexter with linen collars, moist shirts, and headed bows bustling on the hottest day of the year. They simply couldn't properly handle the customers which crowded their stores, and ever and anon Pilkington had already taught them.

That day was a clincher for the Pilkington regime in Dexter. When the merchants had recovered from it and read Pilkington's summary of their business for the year, they took note that it had increased on an average for the fourteen stores

just forty-seven per cent. over the business for the previous July. Some of the stores ran as high as one hundred and ten per cent. increase, others eighty per cent. and over. No one needed any urging to take Pilkington's advice in Dexter after that.

Pilkington's mind, however, had that large aspect, looking before and after. It was far from his purpose constantly to crowd Dexter with yokels agape at the prospect of new-bought, he was a real booster, was Pilkington, and whatever he wanted to stay put he did get the merchants to pull off two or three more "big days" during his regime. For one of these, with characteristic originality, he selected Friday, the 13th of August, and advertised it as Dexter's Lucky Day. In September a Red-Letter Day was heralded and held, and it was the record-breaker for trade in the town. After Booster Day, however, Pilkington advised the Commercial Club to cut down amusement features and to get people into the habit of coming in to Dexter solely because of the advantage of trading. He said Pilkington didn't want a sliver to occur after he left. There was nothing specious about Pilkington's boosting, in their broadside advertising Red-Letter Day, the merchants, following his advice, frankly announced that there would be no amusements in Dexter to attract people. The stress was laid upon the bargains offered. It was pointed out that when any one spent his money in Dexter it actually meant "money coming home to the log-log." And the people came with their money in their pockets expecting to spend it, and they did. The stores did an even more remarkable business than before; one of the largest hardware stores, which had been in business for thirty years, sold \$1,300 worth of goods that day out of a stock worth \$18,000.

The result of Pilkington's regime was startling. Stores in Dexter sold an average of half as much again during the seven months as they had done during the corresponding period of the preceding year. One store increased its business 270 per cent.

He never lost a chance of putting something definite up to Dexter. He was constantly putting a keen edge on the community's "social appetite." One of the first things he did was to send to the public school and tell the pupils and teachers that they ought to be proud of their town and help make it a town to be proud of. Thus the young idea was established on the saving of Pilkington suggested special services for the churches, which so increased their

congregations that two of them decided that they would have to put up more commodious places of worship, and these have been built. Pilkington suggested a series of lectures and demonstrations to give the farmers new ideas, and they were given by the Federal Bureau of Agriculture got wind of this and asked for a list of farmers in the neighborhood to each of whom they sent a treatise on the advantages of draining their lands. The drainage suggestions to come in Dexter so did the farmers' crops that year. That broke up the local cannery factory, a large place in which not a wheel had turned for two years before Pilkington came.

Time would fail to tell of all the things done and started in Dexter because of Pilkington, and all without spending fabulous sums for advertising. Pilkington proved that the town would get plenty of free publicity if every one could be made to boost it because of his own self-interest. Early in his regime the newspapers of surrounding villages grew envious of the Dexter Sentinel, which was selling more space than ever before. Each began to comment on what the Dexter merchants were doing, and to point out how advantageous a similar scheme would be if worked in its own community. Dexter's neighbors read in their own local papers of how beneficial boosting would be for them—and then drove over to Dexter to do their trading. Through the civic spirit roused by Pilkington, Dexter came to be regarded as "some town." Real estate began to boom there and in the vicinity. The farmers wanted to get close to such a community. People began to move there from other towns, and new homes sprang up. Nor was the town going to dig back into its old apathy when Pilkington was gone. The merchants gave him a banquet when he had been gone long. Showing them how to increase their business more than half in seven months was enough to earn their gratitude. They ready to try for an equal increase in the next half year, and raised a fund forthwith to make good. In response to their grateful entomiums Pilkington reiterated his principles. "I have heard," he said, "of impress on the business men of Dexter the necessity of studying the human mind and learning how to handle human nature. And I want to say to you that this thought came into the business life of any town who do things as I have done, degrees of intelligence. When people begin to study, when they begin to see the beauty in this old world, when they begin to try to develop themselves, they are going to be happy and to do good. I am a preacher, better reading-master; and the whole thing comes up together."

The Insurgent Movement in Congress

The deposition of Cannon was an event of last month, which attracted considerable public attention. With the condition of affairs, which brought about the reform, few people are intimately acquainted. An explanation contributed by Victor Mardock to the North American Review will serve to throw light on an otherwise dark subject.

The system under attack, as Mr. Mardock points out, had the evil portion of its life in the successful denial of vital participation on the part of the majority in constructive legislation. It perverted the instrumentality of cloture, originally intended to expedite the business of a congregation of men, into a method for preventing the majority from recording its desires.

To give a concrete instance: the recent tariff bill was repeated out of the committee into the House. Cloture was applied for one purpose, generally understood and endorsed, that is to expedite the measure and force its consideration with despatch to a concluding and deciding vote. But cloture was applied for another and far more weighty purpose, not generally understood, to make the tariff bill what those who dominated the committee which reported it, wanted it to be, and to prevent the majority of the House from making the bill what the majority wanted it to be. The committee which framed the bill has access to every item of the thousands in the tariff measure. The committee could change any one of the items or all of them. The House itself under cloture could change but five items in the bill; barley, barley malt, lumber, hides and petroleum.

The insurgents do not fight against cloture. They simply oppose that application of cloture which excludes the majority from vital participation in the construction of major legislation. Their impeachment of the system arises because the right of representation has been monopolized by a few men and finally lodged in its entirety

in the person and office of the Speaker.

If I can, I would like to convey to the man who has had no Congressional experience the extent to which this transfer of power from the House itself to the person and office of one man has gone. The right to representation in the House is not wholly an affair of the individual Congressman. It is generally a right that belongs to the 360,000 people in his district. Whatever his personal feelings on the matter, he ought to have a keen regard for the function of representation as it is related to the people who have delegated him to act for them. Many representatives do. The great majority of men who come to Congress bring with them as abiding faith in the good sense and justice of the people. They have come to know the mass of electors as individuals who are hearty in their commendations and slow in their condemnations of public servants, and of infinite patience in public affairs. Faith in the people is a cardinal tenet of representatives newly come to Congress. But the new representative finds, after the blindness of his first confusion, that the 360,000 people who have sent him as a representative are to have no vital participation in the construction of major legislation through any exercise of his representative functions. He may voice his sentiments, suggest a law or "go" on a proposition of importance. But he cannot amend it to his own liking; he cannot even offer those about him the opportunity to vote up or down the change he would propose. His next step is one of humiliation. He may personally petition those who have the privilege of amending the proposition within the secret committee which is constructing the bill. But when he takes this step, it is with the thought that the constituents who sent him to Congress delegated him as a representative and not as a petitioner. If he swallows his humiliation and becomes personally a suppliant before a committee, he finds at last that the power of initiation, the power that is nine points in legislation, is not in the committee, but in that part of the system which creates the person of the committee—the Speaker of the House.

If he does not succumb to the system at this point and surrender, his desire to go further into the mysteries through

which popular representation has been distorted into an autocracy, he will continue his investigation and the next step involves analysis. Granted the Speakership has taken to itself the power of the individual membership of the House, how is it lodged and how exercised? The power which has been shifted from the House to its presiding officer becomes in the Speaker twofold in character. It is personal and official. This circumstance gave origin to the phrase, "Cannon and Cannonism." The Speaker exercises his power personally in selecting favorites for important committees and punishing others by assigning them to poor committees; by making up committees of men who agree with him on certain phases of important pending public measures; by placing upon measures which are to be pushed through under cloture the imprint of his personal idea; by extending recognition on suspension day to those he desires to favor. He exercises his official power by his control over business. He may permit consideration of a measure or prevent its consideration. This he does under the rules and in particular under three rules, one of which bestows upon him the chairmanship of a very small but most important committee called the Committee on Rules, another which gives him the right of arbitrary recognition and another which permits him to name not only the standing committees, but to designate the chairmen of each committee. No one could differentiate distinctly the use of the Speaker's personal power and his official power in all transactions. Ordinarily the Speaker uses both, and a diminution in either of his powers perceptibly weakens him in both.

The service of the Speaker on the Committee on Rules is important to the office in this. The committee has as its chief function the right to apply cloture, to put through the House a concrete measure without permitting the House to amend it. The Speaker dominates the committee. He decides the form of the measure and is its chief advocate. And then when it is

put before the House, he mounts to the Speaker's chair as judge of the court before which the trial of his own measure is to proceed.

The power of the Speaker in recognition, when it is fully understood by the public, must be astounding. Every man who has served as a delegate to a ward caucus, fraternal society convention, conference or other convulsive knows that there is an arbitrary element in the presiding officer's power of recognition, that may not be eliminated and which is often used reliably and to further some concerted and often secret prearrangement. If two men in a meeting rise simultaneously a presiding officer must name arbitrarily the man who is to speak first. There is no help for this, and a great many people think that this is the complaint against the Speaker by those called insurgents. But this is not the complaint. Under the rules and the voluminous precedents which have grown up under them, the Speaker may refuse to entertain a motion by a member when the member has no supporter for recognition and when the member asks for recognition in order. The formula in use on the occasions, and they occur on days when it is in order to suspend the rules, is the ultimatum by the Speaker, after he has heard the motion of the member seeking recognition: "The gentleman is not recognized for that purpose."

The power of the Speaker in naming committees is that which accrues to any form of close military organization. The Speaker is the general of the House and the chairmen of committees are his field marshals. Control runs upward from the chairmen of committees. It runs downward from the Speaker to the chairmen to the members. There have been many occasions when the magic words, "The Speaker wants this measure passed," passing electrically through the House, saved the day for a bill, as, conversely, there is one known instance when majority of Congress petitioned a Speaker to permit consideration of a bill and were denied.

Queer Methods of Remembering

A short article describing a number of devices the human mind has invented to remember little commissions and other matters requiring attention is

contributed to The Lady's Realm by Charles J. L. Clarke. The writer confesses to having made a study of the ways of the more original of his ac-

quaintances to fix their jaded minds on things they have to do.

I have often read in the papers which secure circulations by poking fun at all and sundry, about the husband who forgets to post a letter entrusted to him by his better half. It is a mean trick to joke about such a matter. No self-respecting man who has forgotten to post a missive can see anything funny in the incident. I can assure you. A lady friend of mine, who professed to have an excellent memory for the moral welfare of her husband, invented a novel method of reminding her spouse of his duty. Whenever she gave him a letter to post, she used to put it into the pocket which contained his family "smokes," and then pin the pocket up. Every time the forgetful one reached for the beloved weed he encountered the sealed packet. It sat on his mind like a nightmare, and he could never feel happy until he had rid himself of the haunting envelope.

A certain Irishman, possessed of more jovial mind than moral rectitude, once met a friend to whom he owed a ten-pound note. The lender, having been provisionally fortunate, and utilizing the limited resources of the man from the Green Island, in a sudden burst of generosity said, "Murphy, my boy, I'll knock off five pounds of that debt you owe me. Warmly enter him by the hand, the loyal Hibberdian replied, "Thanks, old fellow. I won't be outdone in generosity—I'll knock off the other five." The husband of my lady friend, not to be outdone in helping his wife to remember her duties, or even our lady friends forget things in these days of hustle and bustle—mailed a slate on the pantry floor, on which he recorded in chalk any little thing he wished to do in the house.

The idea of mixing your memory-ticklers up with your tobacco is by no means new, and a friend of mine always had a few cards in his pouch, which he bobbed up before him every time he decided to bow at the shrine of my lady Nicotine. He confessed, however, he never felt really happy until he had cleared his pouch of what he was pleased to term "the beastly things."

After a careful study of the various schemes by which my friends seek to remind themselves of little things, I am convinced that these should be divided into two classes: (1) a device which cannot be parted from the object it is desired to remember; and (2) something which shall warn us that we have something which should be remembered, but which does not suggest what. Allow me to implore my reader to be careful of the second lot of reminders. We are, unfortunately,

not all like the speedthrift, who, on receiving bills, used to tear them up and throwing them on the fire, say, "There, thank goodness that is off my mind." If you are really a conscientious person, once you are reminded that you have something to do you cannot shake off the grip of anxiety until you have put it off for the life of you, you cannot recall exactly what it is you wish to remember.

I knew a man who used to tie a knot in his handkerchief "just to remind him." One day he did the same, and he might remember to stay in town to meet his wife. On and off throughout the day he puzzled his brain to try and think why he had tied the knot. But memory failed him. He burst into the door of his house at home eager to ask his wife what it was he ought to have done, but when he was told by the maid that mistress had come to town, it flashed into his mind why that miserable handkerchief had been tied.

Every one carries a handkerchief—and one gentleman devised a novel scheme to add his memory. He tied one hand in his handkerchief to induce people to breathe after his supposed injury and thus get a reminder that some commission had to be carried out.

A finger-ring is an excellent ally for the forgetful one. When you get to the office you must use your keys to unlock your desk, hence the keys are the first thing which will come before you in the city; so that if you put a finger-ring on your key-ring, you have a sort-of chance of recollecting the duty entrusted to you, especially if it is something you wish to do in town. Several people I know of are in the habit of attaching a ring on to an unusual finger as a subtle reminder that something has to be remembered. Another quaint idea practiced by a well-known city man was to tie two fingers together with a piece of string; while a journalist's friend inflicted upon himself the inconvenience of walking with his stick hanging from his coat until he had reformed the particular duty he wished to remember.

What a tale of woe the office of some city man's shirt could tell if it were properly deciphered by the laundress! The white surface makes an excellent tablet, on which thousands of transactions, from Stock Exchange deals amounting to millions in the name and address of some new-found friend, are often recorded; and I know scores of people who throw down their arm and "shoot their lines" in order to refresh their memory on some important point. The famous public servant who took part in the recent political fight is noted for securing the use of notes and papers; but few people suspect that his ample

cuffs are used as a medium for helping him in the sequence of his powerful arguments.

I believe that one man, who had a passion for detail work, while away some of the time he spent in compulsory confinement in writing the Lord's Prayer on his thumb-nail, a feat which he succeeded in accomplishing with such perfection that, when microscopically enlarged, the writing was clear and faultless; and although everybody has not got the time, patience or skill to equal this example, yet I have observed people who make use of their thumb-nail to jot down little details they wish to remember.

In this busy age there is nothing else in the world that one is so sure of continually consulting as their watch, hence an ingenious friend of mine argued that the face of his timepiece was the best place to stick a warning notice reminding him of something which he dare not trust his memory to retain. There is a certain little detail in this

manoeuvre which I am sure prevails it being more generally adopted, and that is, that if you can see your message you cannot see the time, but my friend obviated this disadvantage by keeping a few circular gummed labels in his pocket, which, when put on the watch-face, did not prevent him from seeing the termination of the hands.

One of the most sensible reminders I know of—and I have been guilty of using the scheme on more than one occasion—is to send yourself a postcard to a place where you wish to do some particular thing. If I want to bring a book from home I just write myself a postcard, and presto! when the postman arrives in the morning he delivers my reminder, and, acting on the American principle of "Do it now," I rush off and collect that book at once, and hie it with commendable persistency until I leave the house, when, if I do not put it on the hat-rack in the train and forget all about it, it does really arrive at my office with me, as desired.

Responsibility

be conceived in the light of a magnitude, it belongs to the class of things which, when divided, each part is equal to the whole.

Responsibility in this respect is like pleasure which, when shared, is not lessened, but the rather increased, as Bacon long ago pointed out. The same quality we find in the rewards of honor, or any other thing which may be shared to the many who have served in a common cause and rejoice in a common victory. Thus the glory of the whole is each one's share. It can be divided among many without loss. So, also, the appreciation of beauty in nature, or in art shows no diminishing returns, although the number who experience the joy of it may be increased without limit. This, also, is the characteristic feature of responsibility. Parents share the responsibility of their child, but the complete responsibility and no half measure of its rests upon each. The director of a bank or an insurance company shares the responsibility of his position with his colleagues on the same board; but the shared responsibility is not a per capita portion, but the whole.

This is not a new doctrine; it comes to us with an immemorial sanction. But it seems to have been forgotten in recent years. "My share of the respon-

An admirable essay on the subject of responsibility appears in Scribner's Magazine, written by John Grier Hibben. Mr. Hibben takes up the fallacious doctrines which have insinuated themselves into the question, and disposes of them one by one. His first attack is on the idea that any responsibility which is divided is thereby lessened.

The director of a corporation may comfort himself with the comforting thought that where many are jointly responsible, his share of the common obligation after all cannot be regarded as very serious. And it is in this idea that a very fundamental error lies. For responsibility is by its nature something intensive and not extensive. It can be divided among many, but it is not thereby diminished in degree. On the other hand, when by the ordinary processes of apportionment, one person's responsibility is divided by another, the result is only a small part of the original amount. It is always a lessening process. But the idea of responsibility cannot be expressed in any such quantitative terms. Dividends can be divided into separate parts, but responsibility cannot. Responsibility can never

ability is but slight," is a common phrase which may be heard on all sides at the present day. If one would thus seek to minimize his sense of obligation as regards that which may be placed in his keeping as a trust, he should not forget that his share of responsibility is not a part, but the whole, undivided and untransferable. He may have others associated with him, it is true, but his individual responsibility cannot be shifted upon them. He must meet it in the full rigor of its demands, and regard himself as though alone in the discharge of his duties.

The second fallacy discussed is that of delegated responsibility. Delegated responsibility is a commonplace of business life, but because some one else may assume certain responsibility, the one who delegates it, is not wholly relieved of it. The obligation to see that the work is done rests upon him. Division of labor is not a dissipation of responsibility.

A third fallacy is found in the case of the assumption of a convenient ignorance. The comforting theory is that no responsibility can attach to a person concerning an act of which he is ignorant. This is a lame excuse. There are men who know that certain results could not possibly be accomplished without certain definite means being used; and yet content weakly to profit by these results on the ground that they do not know explicitly the character of the means used to attain them.

We are responsible for our silence, for our inertia, for our ignorance, for our indifference—in short for all those negative qualities which commonly constitute the "dummy" directors,—those inopportune personages who would enjoy the honor and the perquisites of their office without allowing themselves to be unduly burdened with its duties and cares. The president of a corporation or a superintendent does not assume the responsibility vested in its board of directors, he merely represents that responsibility. And when they would implicitly assign all sense of their personal obligations to his keeping, they not only put themselves in a position to be easily fooled, but actually offer a

ready temptation to such an one to fool them. They are thus doubly reprehensible; for the neglect of duty on the one hand and on the other for actually presenting a virtual invitation for some one to use them as tools for unaltruistic ends. Not only the wreck of a business but the wreck of a human being must be laid at their door, who by a splendid capacity for negligence do thus expose another to the play of the most subtle temptations which can be conceived.

There is also the mistaken notion that we may escape certain responsibilities by simply not assuming them. There are some obligations, however, which we do not dare to refuse, and which indeed it is not possible to refuse. We have no choice in the matter. We cannot say in truth that we have no responsibility, for instance, for the general decency and good order of the community in which we live, merely because we have chosen to keep out of the village politics, and therefore not being on the borough council or the board of health, it is none of our business if the laws of nature, of man, or of God are violated. It must be remembered that responsibilities of such a kind are not assumed by definite choice, but belong to us whether we will or not. Certain responsibilities we do not choose, they rather choose us. If at times they seem to us vague and indefinite, it becomes our duty then to make them definite through some effort on our part. We are held to account merely for doing the obvious duty that circumstances may urge upon us, but also for creating the circumstances which give rise to a wholly new set of duties. We are not only responsible for lending our service to the cause which has a rightful claim upon us, but also we may be responsible for the establishing of a cause to serve.

There are those who imagine that in certain relations of life there can be devised some natural substitute for the sense of responsibility. It is possible, of course, to establish a set of automatic clocks upon an employer's activities, of such a nature as to relieve his personal responsibility to a minimum. Any failure in the performance of his duties is at once mechanically discovered by the various systems of time clocks, bell punches, cash registers, and the like. This is very well in all cases where the labor is that of simple routine. Mechanical activity can be checked by a mechanical device. Not so, however, as regards those duties which demand a high order of conduct—such as that of sound judgment, a fine sense of discrimination, and the power of resourceful initiative. In all such matters there can be no substitute for the responsible per-

sonality. Man is a responsible being because of this very element of free activity in his nature which no mechanical contrivance, however ingenious, can ever gauge. We are all so dependent upon the integrity, fidelity, and efficiency of man in the more complex relations of life that we must at times, and often the most critical, trust him implicitly. We do not proceed far in any undertaking without being aware that we are holding another responsible, or that some one is holding us responsible for those

inevitable duties which arise out of the relations of man to man the world over. If a man would escape all responsibility he must place himself wholly outside of the relations of life; for life is responsibility. As we have seen, responsibility remains with us even though we may ask others to assume it; we share it with others, but our portion is the same; when we turn our backs upon it, we find it still facing us; we flee from it, and, however far it may be, we see it waiting for us at the journey's end.

Life a Rich Estate

By Newell D. Hills.

SUCCESS and contentment begin with the realization that life represents a valuable treasure. We may liken life to a field. At first the owner values it for wild berries; then, ceasing to be a wanderer, he becomes an agriculturist, and values it for its rich harvest; grown wiser still, he discovers coal; amazed at the treasure, he digs and finds silver and gold; astounded, he goes deeper, and lo! the seam is full of diamonds. And every life holds all the strata of underlying and unsuspected stores of treasure. The multitudes go through life mere Bedouins, looking for a chance flower of happiness or the wild berries of prosperity. Only now and then does a man dig into life as one who has the hidden treasure. And yet, no matter how modest the talent, or obscure the position, life is an estate holding every form of good. What if one should waken up every morning with this exclamation, "Welcome to this day, that shall be the best day in my life." I once heard a Cabinet Minister say at the end of seventy years that the two outstanding days in his career were his wedding day and his first day in Athens. But as for Athens, each

new daybreak makes it possible to see a thousand cities and a world swimming in a sea of amethystine silver. As for the statesman's wedding day, each day during the forty years might have made love deeper and a sweeter draught. The sweetness of food depends upon the appetite. The meaning of the song is in the auditory nerve on which it trembles on its way to the hearer's intellect. Some foolish folk talk about killing time. Many feel that life is too long, and by suicide cut it short. And yet the world is overflowing with good things. As for the wild flower and the daffodil, it was substance for a song for Wordsworth. As for the field mouse and plough, they offered a theme for immortal music to Robert Burns. As for an old man coming home from his wanderings, welcomed by a dog that could not forget him, that was an inheritance that opened up the full scope for a world epic for Homer. The carpenter's shop offered Jesus a career that was divine—worthy of the Son of God. Life's greatness, therefore, begins with a realization of its latent treasures.

Rules for a Long Life

By Edward Everett Hale

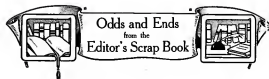
1. Rule both mind and body with an iron hold. You are master.

2. For the body, enough good sleep, enough good food, enough good exercise.

3. For the mind, regular work; work in the line of your genius and stop when you are tired.

4. After you are forty you may, if you are not a fool, choose your own rules, your own medicine and your own food. But you will find that the more you are in the open air and the more you are with other people, the better you will succeed. You will also find that there is nothing gained by brooding over failure.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5 (and always). The great central statement of life and history in this matter is: "He made himself of no reputation and took upon himself the form of a servant, wherefore God has highly exalted him."



A CANADIAN GOVERNOR, VICTIM OF RABIES.

That one of Canada's Governors-Generals once died from the effects of the bite of a mad dog, is an historical fact of which few people are nowadays aware. Yet this was the untimely end of Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, who assumed the duties of Governor of Canada on the 29th of July, 1818, and whose death occurred at Richmond on August 28, 1819.

The following facts regarding his death seem to be well authenticated, and first appeared in a letter sent to Lord Bathurst, October, 1819, by Mr. Charles Cambridge, who had just returned from Canada. It seems that the Duke had been making explorations in Upper Canada and after parting with Lord William and Lady Mary Lennox at Kingston, had gone to dine with a detachment of officers stationed not far from Richmond. This was on August 23, and on the 25th the symptoms of that dreadful disorder which terminated three days later in his death first presented themselves.

Early that morning he alarmed his valet by insisting that some trees near his window were people looking in, and when some water was brought to him he evinced great abhorrence at the sight of it. On several occasions that day and on the 26th the symptoms became but too obvious. So evident were they that a surgeon was sent for, who bled him, and his Grace found so much relief that he arose early the next morning, the 27th, and

proposed walking through the woods of the new settlement of Richmond.

During the progress of the walk, a dog was heard to bark in the distance, and his Excellency started to run at such a rate of speed that he was with difficulty overtaken. Just at the outskirts of the wood, at the sight of some stagnant water, his Grace hastily leaped over a fence and rushed into an adjoining barn, whither his dismayed companions followed him. The paroxysm was at its height, and they feared he would die. It was only with great difficulty that they succeeded in removing him to a miserable hut in the neighborhood.

While in this log hut, reason occasionally resumed her empire, and his Grace availed himself of these lucid intervals to write a letter to Lady Mary Lennox. In it he expressed his conviction that his disorder was hydrophobia, and he reminded her how he had been bitten by a favorite dog at the Castle of St. Louis, five months before. The dog had subsequently gone mad, and the Duke felt irresistibly convinced of his own approaching fate. He recommended the line of conduct his children were to pursue in the painful situation in which his death would place them, and requested that he be buried like a soldier on the ramparts of Quebec.

His Grace's sufferings were extreme, yet his mind soared above his agony. He directed Colonel Cockburn not to attend to his orders any more—"For you see the state I am reduced to." Early on the morning of the 28th he expired in the arms of a faith-



CHARLES LENNOX, FOURTH DUKE OF RICHMOND
GOVERNOR OF CANADA, JULY 1818 to AUGUST 1819.
WHILE DEPARTING AT RICHMOND, QUE., WAS
SHOT BY HYDROPHOBIA.

ful Swiss, who had never left his beloved master for a moment. His body arrived at Montreal on the 30th, the day on which he was to have held levee.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A PLAY OF PLAYS.

Popular excitement in Paris went to fever heat, we are told, when Rosamond's now famous play "Chantecler" made its initial appearance in February. Not since the days of Victor Hugo and his "Hernani," was there such enthusiasm manifested by all

classes of the people. And what is the play that has occasioned so much talk, both on the Continent, in England and in America? The story may be told in brief:

The curtain rises upon a barnyard scene, the domain of Chantecler. The hens cackle, the chickens play about, the turkey promenades in his pomposness. In his cage, the blackbird whistles. A pigeon on the roof of the chicken-house begins by asking some questions about the merits of the marvelous cock. The answers he gets are cool. Certainly Chantecler is not loved by his companions. But his call is heard and he enters, with his eyes fixed on the sun, whose splendor he chants in a magnificent hymn. He sends the hens to the field and himself engages in a conversation with the Merle, who mocks his pretensions of causing the sun to rise, and with the dog, Patou, who takes up his defence. Suddenly the report of a gun is heard, and a beautiful golden hen-pheasant, almost dead with fright, falls into the farm-yard and implores their protection. She is sheltered by Chantecler and Patou from the hounds. She tells them of the free and adventurous life of the forest, unable in her narrative to resist railing a little at the stupid and uneventful life of the basse-cour.

Meanwhile night falls, and the owls, the night-birds, gather in conspiracy against Chantecler, who, in his opinion, is responsible for shortening their lives because he brings the day. They plan to have him killed by a notorious fighting cock when he attends a reception of the guinea-hen, in the kitchen garden. As they steal away, Chantecler arrives with the pheasant, who has fallen in love with him, and he intones a wonderful song, which he believes results in the rising of the sun.

In the third act, there is the reception of the guinea-hen, attended by all sorts of fowl. The fighting cock challenges Chantecler, who emerges from the combat victorious, and he retires in disdain. The tortoise arrives just as all is over.

Then Chantecler takes himself once more to the forest with the pheasant, where he recounts to her that he has to bring the sun above the horizon. But the pheasant seeks to make him forget his role as herald of the sun, and, entranced by the song of a nightingale, who is shot and falls dead before him, Chantecler does forget. The sun rises without his aid. Then, humbled in pride, he understands that his place is not in the mighty forest, and he returns to his throne in the farm-yard, while the pheasant is caught in a net that the hunters have stretched for her. The dog, Patou, announces the coming of men—and the curtain falls.



LOUVRE GALLERY. WHO TOOK THE ROLE OF "CHANTECLER" IN ROSAMOND'S NEW FAMOUS PLAY OF THAT NAME



DEVICE TO ENABLE MOTORISTS TO SEE AROUND CORNERS

SAFETY DEVICE FOR MOTORISTS.

The ever-recurrent saying that necessity is the mother of invention was never truer than at the present day, when the multiplicity of human needs is forever calling for new solutions. The advent and widespread use of the automobile has led to many inventions. One of the latest is to be seen in the accompanying illustration. Here is illustrated a mirror erected at a dangerous corner, by means of which motorists are enabled to see whether any other vehicle is approaching from the other direction. This particular mirror stands near Harrogate, England, and has been presented to the corporation by the Harrogate and District Automobile Club.



THE OLD BELL

AN HISTORIC ACADIAN BELL

What is claimed to be the first church bell in Acadia was presented by Louis XIV. of France in 1717, to the little log chapel of St. Jean Baptiste at Medoctic, which was built that year by Jean Baptiste Loyard, Jesuit missionary to the Indians of the St. John. Up to five years ago this bell was in use, but in March, 1904, it was

broken in a fire which destroyed the little church of St. Anne, Kingsclear, N.B. A large portion of it is now in possession of the New Brunswick Historical Society at St. John, while the rest was remolded into smaller bells, which have been retained as souvenirs by the Indians and descendants of the early French settlers.

The bell remained in the Indian church at Medoctic until 1767, when the missionary to the Indians, on the St. John river, Rev. Charles Francois Bailly, believing a point down river would be more convenient, had the mission moved to Ekouipahag, or Aukpaque, and as he says in his records, caused the old church at Medoctic to be dismantled "that it might not be a refuge for runners of the woods' and lawless persons." The bell was placed in the Indian log chapel there erected and from thence it was removed in 1794 to St. Anne's, Kingsclear. Here for one hundred and ten years more the little bell remained and pealed forth its silvery music on the banks of the lordly St. John.



THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. ANNE, KINGSCLEAR, N.B.

FOR ONE HUNDRED AND TEN YEARS, LOUIS XIV.'S BELL HUNG IN THE TOWER OF THIS CHURCH

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK

When the Indians at Medoctic first beheld the bell in 1717, they regarded it with awe and reverence until informed of its true nature by the missionaries, and a legend says that they made a big pow-wow when they heard it was to be removed in 1767. They surrounded the old chapel at Medoctic and refused to let the bell go. In the darkness of the night, so it is said, a young Indian from Aukpaque silently mounted a ladder of twigs secretly constructed in the forest during the previous day, and taking the little bell from its tower, placed it on a catamaran and poled down river. When morning came the bell was gone.

♦ ♦ ♦

AN EXQUISITE PORTRAIT.

It was Sir Thomas Lawrence, who in 1824, described Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Siddons, "The Tragic Muse," as "indisputably the finest female portrait in the world," and this judgment has been endorsed by many an art critic since his day. The recent publication of a new life of the famous actress has again brought this noted portrait into prominence, for it appears as the frontispiece of Mrs. Clement Farson's "The Incomparable Siddons," (Methuen & Co.) Mrs. Siddons, urges her biographer, "stands for the mother-woman in combination with the sublime and instinctive actress, and it is cer-

THE FINEST FEMALE PORTRAIT IN THE WORLD
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS

tainly true that she excelled in characters in which the maternal and domestic phases of feminine emotion predominate—Constance, Volumnia, Hermione, Queen Katharine. Yet though "melancholy tenderness" may have been the customary note of her voice, we must remember that she had glances that could frighten and tones that could startle or thrill, while about the majesty of her stage-presence there can be no dispute. As Juliet, Leigh Hunt found her too imposing and mature for the mother-woman in comedy. In the stateliness of her



THE ALBERT MEDAL

THE ALBERT MEDAL.

The first Albert Medal ever conferred on a Canadian was presented to Conductor Reynolds, the hero of Spanish River, on St. Patrick's Day. The medal dates from 1866, with extensions in 1867 and 1877, and is a recognition of acts of gallantry performed by any person whatever. Its recipients are ranged in two divisions, the one receiving the badge, inscribed, "For Gallantry in Saving Life at Sea," and the other with the closing words varied to "on Land." Each division has now two classes, the badge of the one having a golden centre, with a bronze garter around it, that of the other being wholly in bronze; both are oval, and contain an Albert Crown and cipher V.A., to which in the sea division an anchor is added. The suspending ribbon in this division is of dark blue, with four white stripes in the first-class, and two in the second; in the land division it is crimson, with similar white stripes. An added bar records an additional act of gallantry. Another "Albert Medal" not to be confounded with this, is given by the Society of Arts.

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THE MOTORISTS' CLUB.

The enthusiastic motorists of London have decided on the erection of a handsome club house, of which an architect's drawing is shown on the opposite page. It will be known as the Royal Automobile Club, and will be located on Pall Mall. As motorists are naturally a wealthy class, no money is being spared to make this club house one of the finest in London. It will be patronized by the King, and for a time will, no doubt, be the centre of activity, until an Aero Club is built to supersede it.

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BRAZIL'S BATTLESHIPS.

In these days of Dreadnaughts and Super-Dreadnaughts, one thinks of the ships of Britain and Germany as being the largest and most effective war vessels afloat. It is a little



A CLUB FOR MOTORISTS
FACADE OF THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S NEW BUILDING IN LONDON

Photo: "Telegraph"

surprising, therefore, to find one of the South American Republics, upon which we are oftentimes inclined to look down as weak and decadent, possessing a battleship, which, at the time of its launching not so many

months ago, was the largest in the world. The "Minas Geraes," as it was christened, was built on the Tyne by Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., for the Brazilian Government, and was only handed over a few weeks ago.



A HUGE WARSHIP FOR SOUTH AMERICA
BRASIL'S GIGANTIC BATTLESHIP, THE "MINAS GERAES," THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD AT THE TIME IT WAS LAUNCHED

Photo: Parry & Son

beauty, the gravity of her manner, and her capacity for tempestuous passion she was a veritable tragedy queen. Mrs. Siddons was one of the actresses who failed in London at first, only to conquer later on. Her "false dawn" was in 1775, when at twenty years old she essayed Portia during Garrick's farewell season at Drury Lane. Her triumphs came after some seasons at Bath, just seven years later, in second-rate tragedies, and were clinched by her Shakespearean performances of Constance and Lady Macbeth.



"THE MOST REMARKABLE MARBLE HEAD IN EXISTENCE"

REMARKABLE MARBLE HEAD.

The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston now numbers among its most precious possessions the marble head shown in the illustration. Describing the work, an art critic says: "This head is clearly a Greek original of the fourth century, from the hand of a master. Part of the hair on either side is gone, and shows signs of having been repaired in antiquity, but the beautiful face of the subject is unmarred. Whether it is a queen or a goddess, no one can say, but critics seem satisfied that it is the best example of the work of Praxiteles. The French sculptor Rodin has studied the head, and said it is the most remarkable marble head in existence."

* * *

A BOSTON RELIC IN ST. JOHN.

A very interesting relic of the war of the American Revolution is preserved with much care by the citizens of St. John, New Bruns-

wick. The loyalists of that day were the real founders of the city. Twenty ship-loads of them, 3,000 persons in all, landed there May 18, 1783, and "began with vigor to build a city." They came from Boston and other New England towns. Some of them believed in the ultimate success of the British arms, and perhaps wanted to be on the winning side. Most of them, though, were sincerely loyal to England, either from belief in a monarchical form of government or from plain love for the Old Country. Hence their departure in 1783 to found a city where patriots would cease from troubling and a loyalist might rest.

One of these departing groups carried away with them an object of veneration to them and of something like execration just then to their fellow citizens. This was the British coat of arms, carved in wood, which had hung in the council chamber of the old State House at Boston before the revolt of the colonies. It was taken first to Halifax and later to St. John.

This is the relic which is still treasured by the descendants of the loyalists. It is excellently carved from a single block of wood and is about three feet square. It is decorated in the correct colors and gilding, and aside from its historic significance is an interesting specimen of eighteenth century workmanship.

When the coat of arms was rescued from the hands of the rebellious Bostonians its romantic career was by no means finished. From Halifax it was sent to St. John and given into the keeping of Trinity church. It was placed above the main entrance on the inside of the building, a position

it has occupied in five successive edifices.

During that time it has had its adventures—some of them very exciting. The first church building was small and was erected in 1784, the year after the loyalists founded the city. It was soon outgrown, and the coat of arms found a new resting place in a second church building, still referred to as Old Trinity, erected in 1791, and consecrated the next year.

The west end of this building, the end containing the coat of arms, was destroyed by fire in 1849, but the

cherished wooden carving was saved and was restored to its old position when the church was rebuilt and enlarged in 1854. Thirteen years later this edifice too was burned in what is called the great fire. This time the coat of arms was in imminent danger of being destroyed, but a Mr. Hazen, a descendant of the Hazen family which emigrated from Newburyport, Mass., rescued it.

The fifth move of the trophy was to the present large stone building of Trinity church, where it has remained almost undisturbed for thirty years.



AN HISTORICAL COAT OF ARMS
PRESERVED IN THE CHURCH, CHAMBER OF THE OLD STATE
HOUSE, BOSTON, AND NOW IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,
ST. JOHN, N.B.

System and Business Management

Organized Salesmanship

By John Lee Mahin

From *Printers' Ink*

A LITTLE more than twelve years ago, a youth, twenty-two years of age, and fresh from the college of experience, managed through a peculiar sort of bull-dog tenacity to get a job on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railroad. He had come from the small Canadian town of Fenelon Falls. He knew very little about the business of traffic, transportation, or freight rates, and so they put him to work digging sewers, subbing on a wreck-train and cleaning the internal clinkers from fresh water boilers. Right merrily he made the welkin ring at the railroad yard. But something quite apart kept calling him. He thought his right hand was better constituted to hold a pen than to wield a three-poised hammer in the chorus of pondemonium.

He had a strong inclination for figures. The inevitable confronted him. He had to make up his mind to get out of the railroad business and the boiler cleaning profession or throw away his ink bottle. As a preliminary, he took a three months' course in bookkeeping, retired from the yards, and looked about him.

The impulse strongest in him was not to repair something, but to sell something.

Salesmanship dominated him. In a nebulous way, the idea formed in his store for the man who supplied public necessities.

One day he read an article about Frank A. Munsey, already world-famous as a publisher and a manufacturer. The Rochester boy heard that Mr. Munsey was erecting a magnificent department store in New London.

Did the ex-railroad cub take the next train for New London in search of a job?

No. He went off and made a careful investigation of Frank Munsey's rating with Bradstreet. He found he was worth \$300,000, "and growing."

The story of how this Rochester boy opened a correspondence, got on the trail of his job and riveted himself to the one idea of joining the pay-roll is a long one. It is a lesson in "stick-toitiveness," an epic in persistence and a record of tireless application to the one idea of "landing with Munsey." And "land" he did in the bookkeeping department at \$15 a week.

He saw the expansion of the business, the far-reaching effect of concentration and salesmanship and organization.

He plunged at it, night and day, without regard for office hours, and shutting his eyes to all else save the growth of the business.

The food department store in New London became the parent of fifty other stores, linking eastern cities with its chains and all carrying out successfully the policies of organized sales-

manship developed by the Rochester boy.

The two magazines at that time published by The Munsey Company grew into six, and four daily newspapers were added to the family.

The business increased. The future, pregnant with promise, loomed in majestic proportions.

Organization became the watchword. The Canadian boy had grown up with the business, occupying every position of trust and responsibility in the gift of his employer.

To-day, although not yet thirty-five years of age, the once boiler-cleaner, William T. Dewart, is now the general manager of The Frank A. Munsey Company, and all that it stands for in publishing, manufacturing and salesmanship.

By what process had he risen to this opportunity?

Close attention to the details of his business, the future of organized salesmanship and the personality of his employer.

He had analyzed Mr. Munsey and his opportunities. He had become convinced of Mr. Munsey's large ultimate success, and that in time Mr. Munsey would need and appreciate just the service that he was best able to render to him.

Mr. Dewart showed himself essentially a salesman in the truest sense of the word as far as his own powers and abilities were concerned.

He knew exactly what he could do himself if given the opportunity. He had analyzed and thought out what Mr. Munsey would need in the way of assistance when he fully developed his ambitious plans.

Mr. Dewart did not find a market for his abilities awaiting him with a beckoning hand. He had to create his own opportunity.

Upon every human being the responsibility of salesmanship rests. It is a duty that cannot be escaped. Every man and every woman has powers of usefulness which must be marketed in this complex, co-operative civilization in which we are living.

We see merchants with but little schooling conducting successful business enterprises and increasing in prosperity year after year and admittedly able men judged entirely by intellectual standards going into bankruptcy after attempting the identical lines of business.

These differences can be attributable to no other cause than that something which men possess in varying degree but which, it is apparent, can be developed and intensified by will power, and that is the quality of persuading others to accept us at the same estimate we place upon ourselves and upon which we can continue to make good. This is as good a definition of the word salesmanship as I am able to give, and as applied to merchandise it needs only a little restating in terms and not in essence.

Salesmanship is persuading people to purchase what one has to sell them at a price which means permanent satisfaction to the buyer.

All I know about advertising I learned as an everyday salesman. To me advertising is nothing more nor less than *organized salesmanship*.

As the modern shoemaking factory, with its many automatic machines, and its army of high-class salesmen, calling on merchants operating high-class shoe stores throughout the country, has supplanted the old-time cobbler, so the use of words, pictures, type, printing plates, paper and printers' ink has given to salesmanship an impetus, a scope and a domination that it never could have possessed otherwise.

The one thing that began to become more clearly impressed on my mind was that price was not a measure of value so much as it was an appreciation of the quality of the salesmanship that had been put behind the article.

An instance in point is the experience of a very successful manufacturer I met:

He told me of an experience he had in selling a dealer three high-priced ranges. A year after he sold them he called on the dealer and found that only one had been disposed of. The

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

dealer explained that he had been in business there twenty-seven years, that it was a cheap town and high-class goods would not move there. While he was talking a lady came in and asked to see a stove. A half-grown boy, who looked as if his relatives had all died the day before, walked up to her and, leading her to the two ranges that were standing in a prominent place on the floor, suggested in a doleful tone of voice that "there is a good stove." The woman snapped out something about "how much?"

The stove man, telling me the story afterward, said, "I could not stand that." He rushed over and pulled open the front door of the range, which hinged from the bottom, and jumped up and down on it. As he was over six feet tall, he added a visible illustration to his statement that this range would perform useful service when he and the lady he was talking to were both dead and gone.

Then he called her attention to the fire-box. He assured her that, with her experience, she could see its advantages over any she had ever used, and with a few chips of wood she could that very afternoon, if she wanted to, make her husband the finest biscuits he had ever eaten. He said he felt safe in assuming that she was a good cook, because a woman who was so interested as to come to the store and look into the matter herself must be a very good cook.

He talked along in that strain until he made that woman feel that her kitchen would never be complete and that she never could cook the best things of which she was capable until she got that range into her house.

It is needless to say that the woman bought the range and paid a good deal more for it than the retail dealer had priced it, and that this stove salesman shipped into the town, the following week, a carload of stoves and personally superintended a sale which cleaned them all out in very short order.

The more I thought over this story, the more I became convinced that the stove which that woman bought was

actually more valuable, in every sense in which the word "value" could be used, because the salesman had invested it with qualities which added continually to her satisfaction and happiness.

It only requires a little thought to realize that the fashion in which our clothes are cut and made up, the styles of our hats and our shoes, the outward form of our articles of jewelry, are all the results of studied, careful, brainy but subtle salesmanship on the part of those whose financial interests were best served by putting us, unconsciously to ourselves, in the state of mind in which we demand and cheerfully pay our good money for the various articles of clothing and adornment that all of us cherish.

The great merchants and great manufacturers have been men who made their personality count, not alone in the organization of large commercial enterprises for producing and distributing goods, but more especially in investing the goods with increased value by educating the people to a larger consumption of the same.

The final purchaser, the consumer, the one who takes the article out of the channels of trade, is, after all, the arbiter of trade itself.

This consumer nearly always purchases in unconscious obedience to what he or she believes to be the dictates of an authority which is anxiously consulted and respected.

Public sentiment is always the product of deliberate, determined effort on the part of people who have learned how to hold and sway public opinion.

Advertising, as organized and highly developed salesmanship, offers, in this commercial age, the best opportunity for the exercise of creative ability.

The mental attitude of the purchaser is what is symbolized by the name of the article, or the name of the trade-mark or brand which distinguishes a particular article; and as this mental attitude can be produced by the use of means which are avail-

able to everybody in business, it is surprising that this phase of business development does not receive more attention.

The best advertising uses highly organized methods in preference to those not so fully developed. For instance, the largest circulation confined within the territory available to the advertiser is always more economical to use than the same aggregate circulation might be of a number of smaller ones.

A big dealer buys more goods than a little dealer, yet the only difference is that the big dealer is a more highly organized type.

The best advertising emphasizes individual characteristics of the advertiser, and takes cognizance of competitors only in the preliminary plans, never in the actual announcement.

For instance, an advertisement from which the name of the advertiser can be taken out and that of a competitor substituted, and the advertisement then be just as good for the com-

petitor as it is for the man who uses it, does not rise above mediocrity, and fails in emphasizing the individual characteristics of the advertiser's own business.

Good advertising does not consume attention to its words, or its pictures, or its design, to the exclusion of the article advertised.

A well-known constructor of clothing advertisements says that as long as he is complimented on his illustration or on his text matter he realizes that he has not done his best work; but when some would-be critic absolutely questions where his house makes a good goods as he claims it does, then he knows that the advertisement has struck home, and fulfilled its mission.

The best advertising is always optimistic in tone. People do not like to associate nor do business with pessimists.

The best advertising is always "made good" by the advertiser.

The Invincible Business Man Who Believes in Himself

By

John Irving Rorer.

ONE of the last conversations I had with the one man who did more than any other to shape modern advertising conditions—the late Geo. P. Rowell—once remarked, as nearly as I can remember it:

"I have always noticed that when a man has absolute faith in a given plan, and continues to follow its detailed execution with the same degree of faith, that plan is pretty sure to succeed."

Call it philosophy or psychology, or what you will, there is an immense

amount of truth in this view. It explains a whole lot of success in advertising that would seem inexplicable otherwise. The man behind the idea actually and absolutely believed in it through and through. Somehow or other that strong conviction stuck out of his work, and in the end infected and enthused others.

The most efficient quality that can possibly be introduced into a selling campaign is sincerity. It is a thing that cannot be counterfeited. If a man

has it everybody knows it. If he hasn't it, no amount of pretence, no clever-word juggling is going to cover up the lack for any length of time. It crops out unconsciously in the turn of a phrase and in the general plan of campaign. You can't put your finger on it and say here it is and there it isn't. Sooner or later, the insincere mind betrays itself. The ads. stop and Mr. Frothingham puts a new tombstone in his advertising cemetery.

The hardest thing on earth is to force on somebody else a conviction which you do not possess yourself. Take the case of C. W. Post. Lots of people have thought they saw ways to improve on his copy. But through it all runs a tone of rugged and unswerving belief in what he is trying to sell. An insincere note is never sounded. By and by the man's grim earnestness gets hold of you or, as is said in advertising, "it bites." Then all of a sudden you agree with him—in fact, you can't remember the time when you didn't agree with him. The impression that the advertiser started out to convey has landed, while lots of other impressions presented more artistically but without the vital element of conviction behind them have passed out of mind. The subtle something that distinguishes the man in earnest from the man only half in earnest constitutes the difference in net results.

Now genuine convictions cannot be based on anything other than facts—just plain, hard, everyday facts. The advertising man's problem is not substantially different from that of the high-grade salesman. He must sell himself before he can hope to sell others. Any man who goes to the public with a proposition in which he only half believes is beaten from the start. And to believe in it he must know it thoroughly, down to its remotest corner. The man who is intrusted with an advertising campaign cannot have too much information about the goods, how they are made and what they accomplish, why people buy them and

why they don't. This information is not lying around loose on the surface—it has to be dug for. It comes as a result of direct contact with the consumer, the wholesaler, the retailer, the individual salesman and the factory people, as a result of finding out why sales are lost and why sales are made, as a result of inquiries over the counter, chats on the street and on the train and at the lunch table.

One of the most promising features of latter-day advertising is that the best agencies have gotten away from the idea that their copy men are machines, with a capacity of so many ads. a day and so many words an hour. Some of the most successful campaigns have been the result of a month's solid work of investigation, of a hard grinding away at the externals to get at the little kernel of truth in the centre. It is work that costs money, but in the end is worth it. Otherwise the advertising man may mistake the line of least resistance—go tunnelling away at a mountain when there is a nice easy route close by.

It all comes back to this: There is no particular magic in advertising—it is simply finding out the facts and presenting them to other people so that they also see them as facts.

I saw a practice lesson given out by one of the correspondence schools the other day. The problem was to get up a double column ad. so many inches deep to herald a special sale of shoes. Where were the facts, where were the shoes, why was there to be a special sale? No man can build bricks without straw. Such a lesson answers very well as an exercise in writing or in the selection of types. But as a lesson in merchandising, it is a joke.

Yet lots of money is being spent on advertising just as superficial. Somebody at a desk in a big office building is trying to talk about a subject on which he is hopelessly uninformed. Don't blame the man or his work, but blame the system or the individual, whoever, it may be, that keeps him

from first filling himself chockfull of information and then passing that information along. It is like requiring a man who has never been across the ocean to produce a book on the scenery of Switzerland. It can be done—after a fashion—but of what earthly use is it after it is done? Merchandise is sold in the last analysis by merchandise talk, pure and simple.

Right Way to Figure Profits is on Sales

By T. A. Fernley.

Sec. W. S. Wholesale Hardware Association

IT is indeed remarkable that on such an important subject as the calculation of profits there should be such a variance of opinion, for the issue involved is vital to the welfare of every one engaged in any form of commercial activity.

True, the vital issue is the showing of net profit or loss at the end of the year when the inventory is completed, but in order that this showing should be satisfactory the proper method of figuring profits should be pursued. In our mind there should be no misunderstanding as to the correct method of calculating this most essential element in every business transaction.

Every man engaged in business ought to be able to see that John does not have 50 per cent. more than James, because James has 50 per cent. less than John.

Yet many business men seem to have persistently refused to acknowledge that any per cent. of a smaller sum is a smaller per cent. of a larger sum, or to put it concretely, that 25 per cent. of 100 is only 20 per cent. of 125, and that 25 per cent. increase over cost is 20 per cent. profit on the selling price.

An incorrect or incomplete understanding of percentage of profits and failure to observe the proper method is the rock on which thousands of commercial undertakings have gone to pieces.

The subject of percentage of profit has not been given sufficient con-

sideration by the school and college text book makers, especially from the standpoint of business men, so that the insufficient and incorrect understanding of the question has led many to falsely believe that the percentage of profit should be figured on the flat net cost.

The method of figuring the ratio of profit on the sale is declared by many who may not be fully informed to be diametrically contrary to the methods taught in our schools, and is therefore loudly decried by those who now insist on using the net cost as a base, to their subsequent loss.

So that it may not be misunderstood, it should be said that it is scientifically correct to use either the cost or the selling price as a base in figuring the percentage of profit, so long as it is stated on what base the percentage has been calculated. This, however, should not be regarded as being in the nature of an academic discussion, for it is certainly the privilege of professional men to hold any views that they may prefer on this subject; but it is hoped that they will concede to business men the same privilege especially when the method followed has such a decided effect on the volume of net profits realized from the conduct of their business, and permit them to adopt that method which most fully answers their requirements.

School and college text books refer to this question as "Percentage of

Gain and Loss," and the initial figure of cost is used as the base.

Some text books use as the base a prime or net cost and again others add a certain amount for expenses, making a gross cost as a base.

Many of the examples given refer to abstract figures, citing such cases as the following:

"If the population of a town increases from 30,000 to 45,000, what is the percentage of gain? Answer, 50 per cent."

This is, of course, correct, and the words "gain" and "increase" are properly used in this connection, but this bears no relation to the question of percentage of profit as applied to commercial transactions involving money.

With the cost as a base or 100 the text books figure that if 25 per cent. is added the percentage of profit is twenty-five one hundredths (25-100) or $\frac{1}{4}$, which is equal to 25 per cent. In this case we would consider the cost as 100, and the added 25 per cent. would make a total of 125. The percentage of profit would then be $\frac{25}{125}$, or 1-5, which would be 20 per cent. profit on the sale.

A percentage of gain or increase of many hundred per cent. is possible, but as percentage of profit is on the sale, one hundred per cent. profit is impossible unless the goods are secured free of charge.

The percentage of profit and the percentage of cost of doing business should both be figured on the same base.

First, let us consider what we use as our cost. Almost all merchants consider as cost the invoice price of "prime" cost, with no selling or other expenses added, merely figuring in the cost of delivery to their warehouse.

All operating expenses, storage, selling, office expenses and every other item of expense must be provided for in the difference between this net cost and the net selling price.

On the other hand, manufacturers

very generally start with their shop or mill cost and add to this all the direct outlays incidental to placing the goods in the hands of the buyer. This includes storage, selling expenses, office expenses, packing, freight and all miscellaneous expenses, making a gross cost above which everything is profit.

This fact accounts in a measure for the variance of opinion between some manufacturers and jobbers on this question. Manufacturers are prone to tell the jobbers that on their line of goods a profit of 25 per cent. is made, when the fact is that the gross profit is 20 per cent. on the sale. If arguments of this nature are properly met a change of method of benefit to the entire trade will be effected.

Some of the more important reasons for pursuing this method of figuring the Percentage of Profit on the sale are as follows:

In every business (we refer more particularly to merchandising) two separate amounts of capital are required.

One item of capital for investment in merchandise.

Another item of capital is necessary for operating expenses, such as rent, pay roll, current expenses, selling expenses and all other expenditures not properly chargeable to merchandise account.

All the capital invested in the business must produce a proper return. Dividends are obviously impossible on the entire amount of capital invested unless all is considered in making selling prices. If the percentage of profit is reckoned on the cost of merchandise only, no provision is made for the other item of capital demanding returns.

The sales totals are always readily ascertained, but the total of each individual daily and monthly cost of invoices sold is seldom, if ever, recorded in the books of business houses. Therefore with the sales totals always present is not the sale a proper base for all calculations, and how could

cost be considered when it is not definitely known by reference to sales books? Gross costs can only be ascertained from the totals obtained at the end of the business year, and are not shown daily as are the gross sales.

The percentage of expenses of conducting a business may be readily ascertained by dividing the gross sales by the gross expenses. As this percentage of expense is on the sales, it is thought better to refer to the percentage of profit on the sale to avoid any misunderstanding and consequent loss through the use of any other method.

The fact that a profit is not made until a sale is actually effected further advances the selling price as the proper basing factor for percentage of profit.

The salary or other forms of remuneration of salesmen is always reckoned on the sale and the amount is always based more or less on a percentage of the sales totals.

Mercantile or other taxes of a similar nature are assessed on a certain percentage of the annual sales. Also if any special taxes are levied by the state on the sales of any special goods such as revolvers, etc., the amount is always a certain percentage of the selling price of such items and not a percentage of the cost.

This illustration shows the greater safety in figuring on sales, especially with untrained minds who do not properly discriminate.

The manager of a business sold an article which cost 80c for \$1, and basing his percentage of profit on the cost figured that he was making 25 per cent. At the end of a given period the sales totaled \$20,000. The manager told a stockholder the amount of sales and also the percentage of profit.

The presumption was that a profit of \$5,000 had been realized, while the books only showed a profit of \$4,000, or 20 per cent. on the sales.

Cases have come to our notice where arrests for defaulting have ac-

tually been made in such instances, and the wisdom of figuring percentage of profit on the sales has been taught the prosecutor and defendant at considerable expense.

From an article printed some time ago we quote as follows: "You will find in every arithmetic such examples. A man buys a horse for \$50 and sells him for \$75, what percentage of profit does he make? Answer, 50 per cent."

No more fatal and misleading ones were ever penned. They lead us to think of the percentage of profit from an unbusiness-like standpoint, and cause many business men to think they are making much larger profits than they really are. This makes them prodigal of expense and often leads to a failure which with more thorough knowledge of percentage could have been avoided.

Suppose a man to have in contemplation the sale of a horse on the basis of the above transaction. A broker approaches him and offers to conduct the negotiation. He asks a commission of 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.

Now, the owner of the horse, having a profit of 50 per cent. in sight, agrees to this, and the broker, having completed the transaction, renders a bill as follows:

| | |
|--|------|
| Sold, one horse, at | \$75 |
| Commission, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ p.c. | 25 |
| Due seller | \$50 |

The seller's books would show a profit of 50 per cent. entirely eaten up by a commission of 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. Not good figuring, is it? Still, that is the way nine-tenths of our smaller merchants figure, which fact often accounts for their being small.

Always figure your profit on the sale. Then you will be on the safe side. To obtain the correct percentage of profit on any transaction subtract the cost from the selling price, add two ciphers to the difference and divide by the selling price.

Example No. 1.—An article costs \$5 and sells for \$6. What is the percentage of profit? Answer, 16.2-3 per cent.

Process—Six dollars minus five dollars leaves one dollar, the profit. One dollar divided by \$6, decimally, gives the correct answer, 16.2-3 per cent.

This operation is simple and a knowledge of it being vital to any one engaged in, or intending at any time to engage in business, it should be carefully committed to memory and constantly borne in mind.

Example No. 2.—An article costs \$3.75. What must it sell for to show a profit of 25 per cent. Answer, \$5.

Process—Deduct 25 from 100. This will give you a remainder of 75, the percentage of the cost. If \$3.75 is 75 per cent, 1 per cent. would be five cents, and 100 per cent. \$5. Now, if you marked your goods as 100 many do, by adding 25 per cent. to the cost, you would obtain a selling price of about \$4.69, or 31 cents less than by the former method. Which is right?

When you take 25 per cent. off the selling price, figured according to the first rule, you will still have your cost intact. Take 25 per cent. from the second sum and see if the cost remains.

A large department store changed hands. The goods in stock, to cover freight and other charges were marked up to per cent. They were to be sold at actual cost, but for convenience sake were invoiced as marked. The inventory having been completed, nothing remained to be done but take off the 10 per cent. that had been added.

The parties to the sale accordingly approached the accountant having the matter in charge with a request that this be done. The man of figures set about making an elaborate calculation with this object in view, when he was questioned by the seller as to what he was doing.

"Reducing the goods to cost," he answered.

"Nonsense. Just take off 10 per cent.," said the seller.

"Do you want it done that way?" asked the accountant.

"Why not?" said the merchant.

"Well, just add 10 per cent. to the dollar and from the amount thus obtained deduct 10 per cent, and see if you have your original dollar left."

The merchant saw the point at once and said no more to the man of figures, who was saving him more than \$3000 he would have lost and the buyer gained without either of them knowing anything about it, and all on account of a little lack of knowledge of percentage.

The following tables show the percentage of cost which must be added to effect a given profit on the sale:—

| | P.C. profit on selling price. |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 5 p.c. added to cost is | 4% |
| 7½ | " 7 |
| 10 | " 9 |
| 12½ | " 11½ |
| 15 | " 13 |
| 16.2-3 | " 14½ |
| 17½ | " 15 |
| 20 | " 16.2-3 |
| 25 | " 20 |
| 30 | " 23 |
| 33.1-3 | " 25 |
| 35 | " 26 |
| 37½ | " 27½ |
| 40 | " 28½ |
| 45 | " 31 |
| 50 | " 33.1-3 |
| 55 | " 35½ |
| 60 | " 37½ |
| 65 | " 39½ |
| 66.2-3 | " 40 |
| 70 | " 41 |
| 75 | " 42½ |
| 80 | " 44½ |
| 85 | " 46 |
| 90 | " 47½ |
| 100 | " 50 |

By Calvin H. Luther

From Advertising and Selling

IT is an immemorial public habit to accuse the ambitious business man of greed. Yet the desire for expansion is more apt to be a simple instinct for growth—not for gormandizing; often, too, it arises from a pure love of competition for competition's sake. Both of these impulses are primitive; essential to the individual and the race. Many people who accuse themselves of greed disprove their own confessions. They persistently neglect those petty economies and nice adjustments of organization and work which, in the aggregate, so transform the Profit and Loss account. They prefer, almost invariably, to engage their vitality and capital in trespassing upon the domains of their neighbors, leaving their own estate but roughly cultivated.

Think of your own business; Jones, left over from "the old days," draws fifteen hundred and is worth eight; put down \$7000—never mind his age and long service. Your nephew is not a good purchasing agent; Brown should have the place; this might result in a saving of at least \$2,500.00 in your costs. Put that down. By giving up golf and those afternoon rides in the machine you might easily dispense with an assistant; put down \$1,800.00. The sum of these, at 10 per cent. profit, consumes the margin on \$50,000 of sales; and if your customers buy upon the average \$500.00 per year, these three items must be offset by 200 new customers wrenched away from "the other fellow." Which horn do you grasp? If you are the average man you tell me to avoid personalities and go ahead with the selling campaign. These other matters you will attend to "in a convenient season."

As I cannot be sure of your real

ambition, I shall assume it to be a deep-seated desire to grow. You must grow to remain alive. Trade lies on sloping ground. With effort you may push your business upward; if you let go it falls to the zero level at the bottom of the hill, but to hold it stationary requires so nice an adjustment of the muscles as to be almost an impossibility. Balancing a feather on the nose is an easy feat compared with that! Self-preservation, therefore, is at the bottom of this ambition of yours. You know that death is a progression, not an incident; the first grey hair is as sad a spectacle as any death-bed. As you inspect yourself in the mirror, so you watch the sales account; and the first sign of a diminishing volume seems, and usually is, a most sombre portent. So, unable to hold the business stationary, you are very wise to struggle for an increase, though capital, factory and warehouse space be all restricted.

Aside from this, an increase in volume should effect a decrease in cost and selling expense. Goods made or purchased in small lots, an office force at ease, a traveling force with a small line, a manager doing detail for lack of responsible work—these are vital extravagances, very cancers of mismanagement.

To make some rough guesses: A doubling of sales will reduce the cost of manufacture by 10 to 25 per cent. of itself; cost of goods purchased by 5 to 8 per cent. (for the manufacturer will not give to the jobber the entire saving made by increase), and cost of selling by 15 to 25 per cent.—that is, a selling expense which is 25 per cent. of the sales will drop to 20 per cent. if the volume be doubled and the increase handled to advantage.

So if we now pass by the open door

of petty economies and enter the field of sales we shall be following the dictates of very primitive instincts—and if we are successful in our efforts we shall kill two birds with one stone, securing a profit on the new business and widening the margins on the old.

A Battle Creek manufacturer, long retired, walked stiffly into the office where so much of his vitality had been expended. His son, now the president, held up a monthly statement.

"I've broken all records, father!" he boasted.

"Son, half of those sales were made before you were out of the cradle!" retorted the veteran.

At any given moment the speed of a railway train is the sum-total of two impulses; part is due to the present tug of the engine; a greater part is the result of momentum—motion left over from the last mile, so to speak. Trade is subject to this very principle; a constant push will result in a progressive increase of volume, unless interference occurs. Let us repeat the thought—emphasize it. Trade will show an increasing increase, with a constant push, unless interference occurs. In a sense it is true that you have a just claim to a volume equal to last year's; more—to an increase equal to last year's increase over the year before; more still—to an increase greater than ever before! Please go no farther until you are convinced of this. Every visit of a salesman, every wise advertisement, has one effect upon present sales and a further—usually stronger—influence upon the future. Naturally, therefore, the second year of a business is easier than the first; and the same force in salesmanship or other publicity, meeting with less resistance, will have a greater productiveness—unless interference occurs. When you speak of "increase," therefore, I must know which of these two kinds of increase you have in mind; the increasing increase which is logically yours, or the further increase which is to be secured only by taking away from "the other fellow" the momentum which is his own.

As the first increase is a matter of self-preservation, I am sure that you refer to that as securing the second increase means that you must offer to the consumer more in goods or service than your competitor does. I hold, for the good of the world, that you aim at this, also. In either event, your desire must take the form of an attempt to excel your competitor in actual merit. Trade responds only to this lodestone. It may swerve in your direction, drawn a little out of its course by the glitter of your advertising, the flare of brilliant salesmanship, or the will-o-the-wisp of cut prices; but it will not "stay put" on such a basis alone. You must "deliver the goods." Here is a story to illustrate; it is true, word for word as I set it down:

The manager of a breakfast food concern went to a well-known advertising engineer in New York.

"Make the thing go; money is no object!" he said.

The specialist retreated to his den, wild-eyed with enthusiasm. Within the shortest possible time subway and elevated stations, street cars and bill-boards were blue-and-white with reproductions of the package, and bristling with epigrammatic reasons why.

The consumer responded; the grocer went to the phone; the wholesaler called up the selling agent. In two days the visible supply—three little carloads—had traveled from the warehouse to the kitchen shelf; the mill replied that stocks were exhausted, but they would "run nights," "make every effort," and so on, ad infinitum. They did run nights; they did make every effort. But the three carloads had been long in stock; the goods were stale and unpleasant. Had they been fresh and delectable, the outcome would not have been different; the consumer does not show any particular tenacity of purpose or strength of memory. By the time fresh supplies arrived the demand had wholly ceased. Truly, the manager must have been sincere when he said that money was "no object."

The Golden Advantages of Thrift

By

Arthur Conrad

TWO Irish highwaymen once encountered a Scotchman and requested him to hand over his wallet. The Scotchman refused, whereupon there was an altercation and thereafter a scuffle. Finally the Irishmen succeeded in laying the doughty Scot by the heels and proceeded to search his pockets. For all their trouble they were only able to find ten cents in the Scotchman's possession. Said Pat to Mike, "Begorry, if he'd had a quarter, he would have killed the both of us."

This story was related by Colonel Hugh Clark at the annual at home of the Penny Bank of Toronto, an institution which is instilling ideas of thrift in the minds of Canadian children, not only in Toronto, but in other Canadian towns and cities as well. The point of the story is not far to seek for, the Scotchman's thrift has always been a butt for the humorists. But Colonel Clark did not intend to poke fun at the thrifty. Beneath his story lay a moral, the anecdote merely serving to bring it forcibly home.

Many a sermon has been preached about saving, and a writer naturally approaches the subject with some diffidence, realizing that he can say nothing new but must content himself with clothing ancient truths in modern garb.

The rapidly increasing number of depositors in our chartered banks and the accumulation of funds in the savings branches attest to a spreading desire to save, as well as to a greater

knowledge of saving methods on the part of the public. The banks have done much to make the actual process of depositing money a pleasure by opening attractive branches, by providing neat pass-books and cheque books and by requiring polite attention from their employees. The man, woman or child, who previously approached the bank with awe, and was, it must be confessed, frequently treated with suspicious contempt by the clerks, now goes to the bank with a certain degree of pride and is flattered by the attentions of the employees. He feels that he is a capitalist, in however small a degree; that he is getting something for his trouble and that he has something tangible to fall back upon in case of emergency.

The practice of housewives in depositing their allowances in the bank, instead of carrying them about in their purse, is on the increase and this habit is greatly to be commended. The banks have now made it an easy matter to draw money by cheque. A woman can put her money in the bank on Saturday and pay out as much of it as she likes or needs during the following week by means of cheques.

The reason why this practice is commended is simply this. As long as the average woman has available cash in her purse, the temptation to spend it seems to be irresistible. The chances are that long before her next allowance is due, the preceding sum has all been spent, and much of it doubtless

went for things not absolutely necessary. On the other hand, when the money is on deposit, the trouble of having to make out a cheque, is just a sufficient deterrent in a good many cases, to prevent the spending of this unnecessary amount. The result at the end of the week is a gratifying saving.

The possession of a bank book is in itself an incentive to save, as it is a deterrent of spending. Once start an account and a natural desire arises to see the balance grow. You will begin to figure out how long it will take to put by a certain sum, if you deposit so much a week or a month as the case may be. You count up the interest and so many years ahead you see yourself possessed of a nice fat sum. This very process of saving will militate against spending. You cannot have your money and spend it too. If you intend to save up a certain total in a certain period of time, it is essential that the balance should never be reduced.

In the education of a child, nothing could be more beneficial than a little practical instruction in saving, by means of a bank book and a bank account. The saving habit should be acquired in youth, if its practice is to be made perfect. It will be necessary, of course, to avoid inculcating meanness. That is an extreme, which is as bad as prodigality, but the happy medium is desirable—a reasonable generosity on the one hand, coupled with a wise desire to provide for future needs, on the other.

Why should we save, some one may ask. We have a fairly good income, enough to pay for all we require to make life comfortable and there seems to be no need to deny ourselves to the extent of putting money aside.

While this may seem to be an extraordinary case, yet it will be found that a great many people live in this hand to mouth fashion, saving little or nothing. The great necessity for saving, both in their case and in the other cases, is to safeguard themselves

in the future. Uncertainty shrouds the days ahead of us but the past is a living lesson. From the story of shattered fortunes, unforeseen calamities, personal distresses, it is easily apparent that preparation should be made for the future, even though that future may turn out to be a time of prosperity and good fortune.

The man, who is content to drift along without making provision for those dependent upon him, is a criminal. It may be that force of circumstances prevent some from saving anything, however desirous they may be of doing so, but the minute the opportunity to save comes, it should be acted upon.

Another excellent reason for saving is to be found in the greater power, which the possession of funds confers on a person. Openings for men with a little capital may come. The saving man is able to avail himself of the opportunity, to better his lot and to see the reward of his patient renunciation of present pleasures, while the spendthrift must move along on the old plane.

The same is true in other departments of life. The saving man is enabled by his thrift to rise from time to time superior to his surroundings. Instead of becoming satiated with a continuity of cheap pleasures, he can enjoy something worth while, such as a journey to other lands or the purchase of a new and more comfortable home or a thousand other superior delights.

The possession of a bank account gives as independence which is an encouragement to effort, just as it is a safeguard for the future. It enables a man to work with more confidence, to look up and not down, to rise superior to his surroundings and not be dragged down by them. The opportunities to save are all around us. The facilities for saving are unparalleled and the rewards are certain.

[Next month we will publish a short article of a general nature on investments.—Editor.]

The Future of the Motor Car

From the Automobile

IT is a matter of common knowledge that there are in use in the United

States at the present time more than 300,000 automobiles, and the demand still seems almost unlimited. When the additional 300,000 to be made this year are included, it will be seen that at the close of 1910 one person out of every 150 in the country will have an automobile, or one family out of every forty or fifty. Obviously the number of families capable of maintaining an automobile is comparatively limited, although the average is brought up by some who are able to support two or more. One family out of twenty seems about the ultimate limit, even considering the utmost possibilities of the \$500 car.

The population of the country is increasing pretty rapidly, but not in a proportion to keep pace with the automobile product. Some time in the latter part of 1912, when, according to the schedule outlined above, there will be roughly a million and a half automobiles in use, the limiting ratio of one car to every seventy persons will be reached.

At that time the \$500 car will have reached its perfection. With the great increase in the number of cars manufactured, and the consequent reduction in overhead charges and cost of material, the cars selling at that price will probably be very nearly what we now pay from \$750 to \$1,000 for. Barring the possibility of radical changes in design, it should be possible at that price to put on the market a four-cylinder car of 20 or 25 horsepower, seating four or five persons,

with a wheel-base of not less than 100 inches, and 32- or 34-inch tires; these cars to be made in series of not less than 50,000. When the million-and-a-half mark has been reached, this will imply the owning of a car on every farm of even moderate size, and by most of the salaried workers in the country.

But private ownership and use, albeit largely for purposes commercial in their nature, is but the smaller part of the usefulness of the automobile. Some indication of the trend which the industry is now taking may be had from statistics of the 23 automobile firms who are the latest comers in the field. Of these, 10 make pleasure cars, 11 make commercial cars, and two make both pleasure and commercial models. In the list previously published were enumerated 176 makers of pleasure cars, 22 who made both, and 24 who made commercial cars exclusively. The addition to the commercial ranks is nearly 30 per cent. that to the pleasure-car makers less than 6 per cent. Thus is indicated the turning of the tide.

In all branches of commercial-vehicle work the progress made so far has been only sufficient to give some view of the immense field ahead. From the lightest 500-pound delivery wagon to the 10-ton coal truck there is an immense range of possibilities. The comparatively few commercial vehicles in operation now have been sufficient to prove the economies of this method over the old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicles. During the four years which we have in prospect

the greatest advances will be made in this line.

In several classes the automobile has already made notable inroads into the province of the horse. Most of the large department stores in New York, Chicago, and other large cities have discarded their horse-drawn delivery wagons, and have adopted motor-vehicles instead. In brewery trucking motor-power is almost supreme, and in the conveyance of large quantities of groceries and miscellaneous merchandise it has become prominent. Most conspicuous of all is the taxicab, which in the space of three years has practically put horse cabs out of business in all the large cities.

When all these spheres of activity are considered, the number of automobiles which it is possible for the people of the United States to buy and make use of seems to enlarge almost beyond limits. With every delivery wagon, truck, farm wagon, cab, and omnibus replaced by an automobile, it is easy to see the possibility of absorbing the two million or more cars of the estimated production by 1913.

The benefits of the change will be far-reaching. The primary reason for the adoption of the automobile in all the cases cited is its economy over present methods, whether in money or what is just as important, time. With automobile service universal, the economy may even be extensive enough to make a reduction in the 'cost of living,' now such a prolific source of discussion. Although the automobile has been the cause of many jokes on the mortgaging of homes, and is regarded in some quarters as a sign of reckless extravagance and profligacy, innumerable business men

will vouch for its usefulness. Truer than ever before is the saying that transportation is civilization.

In cities the use of automobile trucks and delivery wagons will solve the traffic problem. Although traffic as a whole is able to move faster than its slowest members, it is nevertheless considerably impeded by them. Moreover, the adoption of the automobile means the saving of the space formerly occupied by the horses, in many cases amounting to half the total length of the vehicle. With each individual vehicle only taking up half the space that it formerly did, and moving at twice the speed, it is plain that there will be four times as much room. Increased speed, even in cities, is by no means necessarily dangerous to the public. With proper traffic regulation, the greater speed means ample time for crossing in each direction at street intersections, at the same time without causing undue congestion.

The advantage to public health resulting from the disappearance of horses and their accompanying pests, the livery stables, will be inestimable. Street dust is a prolific breeding-place for germs of every kind; its noxious effects are recognized by physicians. The passing of the horse means no more dust, and a consequent saving to municipal street-cleaning departments. These advantages will be recognized more and more with time, and in 1913, with the speculative two millions of automobiles in operation, it will not be a cause of surprise if all large cities will have passed laws prohibiting the keeping or use of horses within their limits, save perhaps for driving or riding in certain specified parks and boulevards.



The Publishers' Page

WITH the present number, Busy Man's has been enlarged by the addition of thirty-two pages. This enlargement has been necessitated by the steady expansion of our advertising patronage. It has become imperative in the interests of our readers to increase the size of the magazine. We are now able to give subscribers a considerably larger volume of reading matter than heretofore and to introduce one or two new features which will be found of additional interest. The enlargement will be permanent, thus insuring a larger and better magazine for the future.

The growth of the advertising section of Busy Man's has been nothing short of phenomenal. Month by month records are being broken and there seems to be no limit in sight yet to the expansion of this end of the magazine. A few years ago even the most sanguine would have hesitated to forecast such a growth, and even now there are many who enquire curiously, how it was ever accomplished. The secret lies in the value of Busy Man's as a medium and in the success of a remarkable circulation campaign.

As a medium, Busy Man's is in a niche by itself. Originally established to provide the readers of the MacLean Trade Newspapers with instructive and entertaining articles, for which there was no room or no direct call in the trade papers themselves, it has expanded into a general magazine, appealing alike to the office and to the home. The first subscribers were

the most progressive business men in Canada. They took Busy Man's in conjunction with their own particular trade newspaper. They got to like it and to swear by it. Then they took it home and there certain features appealed to the women and the young folks. In fact, the readers of Busy Man's were from the first, people from whom advertisers received a ready response and that is one of the main reasons why the magazine has succeeded in building up such a large advertising patronage.

Next came the big circulation campaign. This was not a spasmodic effort. It has been going on steadily, quietly and aggressively ever since Busy Man's was launched. It is in progress at the present day, sweeping up a total list of subscribers that would surprise the doubtful Thomases of a few years back. The little army of regular MacLean canvassers, assisted by volunteer helpers, have been working steadily and successfully. No point in Canada has been too small to reach personally and in this careful and systematic canvass lies a big share of the magazine's success as an advertising medium.

The character of the magazine has been another substantial factor in its growth. It has from the first been a busy man's publication—commonsense, practical and appealing to the average person. It has had no literary aspirations and has laid no claims to being anything other than its name implies. It has endeavored

A peculiar thing about wealth is that when you own too much of it it owns you.—*Jesse Miller.*

to please as wide a field as has been possible, without deviating from its general plan. Recognizing its Canadian origin and support, it has aimed to secure and publish instructive and practical articles dealing with Canada and Canadians. It has supplemented these with a limited supply of fiction and with a good selection of condensed articles from other periodicals. It has emphasized the business end by providing illuminative articles on system and business management. This editorial policy has won for it an appreciative clientele.

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Mr. Roden Kingsmill's leading article in our March number has attracted general attention, particularly in England and the United States. The article, it will be remembered, dealt with the problem of naturalization. Under the Canadian law, a foreigner may become a British subject after having gone through the necessary formula. But the British citizenship thus conferred is of a limited character and is not legally recognized outside the Dominion. The fact that men like Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy have no rights as British subjects outside Canada raises a serious question which cries for immediate attention.

Mr. Donald MacMaster, M. P., brought the matter to the attention of the British House of Commons a few weeks ago, as a result of the publication of the article in *Busy Man's*. He inquired what was being done to bring about an improvement in the naturalization laws of the Empire. Colonel Seely's reply was in effect that the Governments of the Empire are still talking about the subject in the hope of attaining some degree of uniformity in naturalization laws.

Commenting on the article, the *Canadian Gazette* (London), remarks that "Mr. Kingsmill cannot be aware of the proceedings of the Colonial Conference of 1907. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, as British Home Secretary, then submitted to the Conference a draft bill, under which, among other

provisions, a colonial naturalization certificate would be made valid in the United Kingdom and in other colonies and vice versa. On behalf of Canada and other Dominions it was urged that it would be better to leave each part of the Empire to legislate for itself; New Zealand, for instance, holding to the ideal of remaining a white man's country, strongly opposed the automatic naturalization in a colony of colored aliens who had resided in England for upwards of five years. Many Canadians would share this objection. In the end it was unanimously resolved to inquire into and consider the subject further, and hold a subsidiary conference; and Colonel Seely now tells us that some of the Colonial Governments have not yet replied to the British proposal that they should send representatives here to discuss the question further and seek for a solution. He hopes Mr. MacMaster will press for further details, and especially ascertain which are the Governments from whom no replies have been received."

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The publication in this number of Mr. J. O. Fagan's address before the Canadian Pacific Railway Safety League directs attention to the work that this railway company is doing to safeguard the lives of its passengers. The employees of the road number about seventy-five thousand, and the various departments are all represented in the League. A complete circle of railway practice is thus formed and all members in touch with the circle learn to perform their duties with greater aptitude and skill. The strict observance of the company's rules is the fundamental aim of the League. The League emphasizes the safe side and deals with unsafe conditions that may arise from time to time. Its members counsel each other as to the safest possible way to overcome difficulties, avoid accidents and meet emergencies. In fact, the general aim of the League is to make employees better fitted for their high and responsible calling.